

CAVALCADE

February 1/6

Published for the Q.P.D. Sydney... for
subscription by post on a pre-paid basis.



**GIRL
SLAVES**
Still Exist

—Page 24

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Cavalcade

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Printed by Commercial Manufacturers Ltd., Melbourne Street, Parramatta for the publishers
Cavalcade Magazine Pty. Ltd., 26 Young Street, Parramatta, to whom complaint or remonstrance
should be addressed. Subscriptions should be sent to Cavalcade Magazine Pty. Ltd., 26 Young Street, Parramatta, N.S.W. 2150.
Published monthly. Price 1/-
Proprietor, Alan McRae • General Manager, ERIC T. SMITH • Art Director, MICHAEL J. MURRAY • Production, MALCOLM CAVANAGH • Business Manager, ERIC A. MURRAY • Personnel, MARGARET CAVANAGH • Advertising Manager, WALTER T. CHARLES • Production, JOHN McNAUL • Circulation Manager, DOUG SPICER
Wholesale Distributors, Gordon and Bates LTD LTD

ADVERTISING
COUCH, PITTENRIDGE Pty. Ltd., 26 Young Street, Parramatta, N.S.W. 2150 • NORTH S.
MARSHALL, 14 Franklin Street, Melbourne, Vic. 3000 • ARTHUR L. MURRAY, 214
Churchill Building, Swanston Place, Melbourne, Vic. 3000



The shell-backs had three hours; they set out to have a little light amusement . . . and completed festivities with a raid and

They stormed Sydney's Bastille

THE sailors of H.M.S. "Furious" did not mean to start a riot, they just wanted to enjoy their leave ashore.

This was 1841, when the British Navy kept the world at peace. In port towns, all the world over, police took a kindly view of sailors' convalescence.

But the men of H.M.S. "Furious" had not reckoned on the Sydney police force.

A few days later the liberal news-

paper "Australian" described the Sydney police as "the worst constabulary in the face of the earth."

In another issue it called them more simply, "a crew, vicious and ruffianly set of scoundrels."

Which tactics must certainly have inspired the constabulary only to bigger and better mayhem . . . presumably on the theory that if a dog gets a bad name, he might as well earn it properly. But . . . on the date of the skirmish . . . the constabulary

were to have ignored the Press as the rogues and ruffians they were claimed to be those days.

The fun really began one Tuesday night in October when a group of sailors were crowding themselves outside a Pitt Street theatre. When two of the sailors began to fight, the police intervened.

According to "The Australian," the police, "largely recruited from ex-sailors, attacked the sailors with batons. Five of them stood and solar knocked him down and beat him unconscious."

The angry sailors fought back and were joined by some of the Sydney citizens. Other sailors just drunk enough for courage, joined the crew and rallied to the theatre. By 11 p.m. there were nearly 300 in the crowd.

Someone raised the cry, "Revive! Rover!" and the mob swept down Pitt Street towards the police lock-up in Harrington Street.

Police locked themselves in the station and threatened to rock with cartridges through the windows.

The sailors were tearing up several stones to hurl down the door when a senior police officer arrived with reinforcements.

He stood nearly in front of the mob and called out: "There are six locks. You can send a man to fix for yourself."

One sailor volunteered and inspected the station. There were no greater tools—they had been quickly whisked off to the main police station in Bridge Street.

The bottled mob began breaking up—until a drunken sailor, armed with a cutlass, attacked a policeman.

The constabulary, heavily reinforced, charged the rioters and drove them back to Pitt Street. Seven Police had won the first round.

The newspaper, just east of the

towns down to the Sydney, suddenly patriotic to endorse His Majesty's forces.

The "Sydney Morning Herald" described the officers as "the bravest sappers and miners in Sydney." They had created the riot, it insisted, to enable them to pick pockets in the confusion.

The "Australian" called the rank "low and bad characters." "The Master" spoke characterily of the "scoundrels of Sydney."

The few mounted policemen were dismasted for lack of uniforms but minded of being set at liberty, the dis-appointed police promptly locked them up on alternative charges.

By next day a new leave draft from H.M.S. "Furious" had come ashore, viewing vengeance. There were only reasons that they were arming themselves with sticks and canes and were determined to release their own mates.

The authorities hurriedly sent in 20 more men—mostly at special constables and ordered a detachment of troops to stand by at police headquarters.

Later that evening, small groups of sailors began collecting in Pitt Street. At 11 o'clock the mob marched up one street and began marching toward the Harrington Street police barracks.

The three policemen on duty barricaded themselves inside the station but the sailors' blood was up.

With a roar they charged the doors and beat it in with paving stones. The constabulary retreated to the yard of the station and locked themselves in there.

The mob, grown to nearly 1000, swept into the station and broke open the cells. They found two women—and a buttresses named Sutton who was minister and on a charge of robbery.

THE HUNCHED LIFE When Mrs Walter Edwards, of Webster, New York, learned that she needed a new fur coat her husband hastened into the woods, shot twelve doves, skinned them and was off hot-foot for the tanner's when the game warden arrested him for hunting out of season. Luckier, however, was four-year-old James Dudley Mann. He dropped a fireproof book case with one shot at a .22 rifle. Master James hails from Texas.

Sabers bared the released men on their shoulders—men Mr. Roosevelt marched triumphantly back up George Street;

Roosevelt raised the cry "All Jews lock-up next" and the mob, shouting and swearing, turned up King Street.

The sergeant in charge at St. James was a wise man. He left his doors wide open and beat a rapid retreat.

The disappointed crowd, finding no prisoners and no resistance, broke up the furniture piled up in the street and set fire to it.

Some of the less daring spirits, fearing that things had gone far enough, began to slip away but it was still a sizeable mob which now marched on police headquarters.

Policeman Superintendent Miller had taken personal charge at the station and had mobilized his reserves there. A company of troopers from the garrison were hidden in a yard nearby.

When the crowd drove near a police office named McDermott stood on the steps armed with a pistol and threatened to shoot the first man who mounted the steps.

The crowd scattered, then crept past him towards the lock-up and began their attack with a volley of stones.

The police, according to current reports, abandoned their hold front and retreated amidst

It was the military which saved the day. Captain Miller marched his men up from a side street, halted and fired a black volley over the crowds' heads.

The police, who had been ordered to use only black cartridges, then began firing indiscriminately—some with loaded pistols and carbines.

At least one man, a soldier named Bergman, was shot by a police bullet he died next day.

As soon as news began to tell, the crowd broke up. Police and military saved the precipitated retreat for a concerted charge.

It was here that the police got out of hand.

"The constables rushed out with stones and fist prominently on all and sundry without regard to age or sex," declared "The Australian."

Nearly 20 men, women and children were knocked down and assaulted, the paper said. Three remained.

A few captains hit over the mouth with a knapsack by a "French or unstable" devil.

A respectable widow, quietly returning home, was knocked down and kicked by a constable.

The police, the paper declared darkly, were afraid to single out the actual rioters but once the military had broken the mob's resistance, the police attacked everyone in sight.

The "Advertiser" agreed that the police had exceeded their powers and "made too free use of their staves."

There were several disgraceful scenes. The "Advertiser" recorded that at least one constable had been in-

prised for unlawful beating.

The crowd, pursued by the police, broke up in all directions. Most of the soldiers found refuge with the civilian populace.

The wounded hopped off horseback about 20 men (mostly unarmed) evidently were marched to the police headquarters.

The troops stood by all that night and most of the next day. Mounted police, hurriedly called in from Poughkeepsie, patrolled the streets throughout the night.

But the battle was over. The arrested men were mostly discharged for lack of evidence. The captain of H.M.S. "Furious" cancelled leave and sent officers to round up the men ashore.

By Thursday morning Sydney was a quiet city—and at least one man was glad of it.

A week later the newspapers were still reporting: "The man Eaton, who was fired by a mob from the switch-house, is still at large. A party of police has been ordered to seek him out and bring him again to trial."



1000 cures for Asthma

NORMAN SHURE, M.D.



All asthma patients don't react to the same treatment; you must find the right before you attempt any else.

MANY of the 80,000 people in the United States alone currently suffering from asthma have been hearing about a simple asthmatic who, after spending a great deal of money with expensive specialists, went to a town on the Mississippi Gulf Coast. There an unpretentious doctor cured him with a simple hot-tenting red medicine taken four times a day. Other patients who went to the same town saw the same doctor and took the same medicine, ended up wheezing as much as ever after taking the cure.

Some people with asthma have been cured by eliminating wheat from their diets or rats from their houses or trees from their backyards. Others have had prolonged allergy improvement without relief.



Patent medicines, tablets, modified aspirins, liquids, sprays, medicated creams have all cured some patients but others have tried them all and still wheeze.

Medical journals and books are confusing, too. There is one doctor who writes a very authoritative article in which he says that asthma has little to do with allergy—it's all due to a certain type of nerve. By treating the spinal cord with a high-frequency electric current he claims he can end 90 per cent of his 1000 cases of asthma.

A European doctor prefers injections of horse salts into the veins at his patients' wrists with asthma. He says the results of his treatment are excellent. Here in the country several doctors are using a medicine by the

name of cortisone which is diluted one part to 1,000,000,000,000 parts of water.

Many doctors are prescribing for their patients with asthma. Some use it by injection, some by inhalation, others prefer inhalation with steam and still others use inhalation of the powder.

During the past year or two we have all been rather excited about the use of Cortisone and ACTH in asthma. These are the hormones from the pituitary and the adrenal glands which used to relieve the symptoms of many diseases and previously resistant medical conditions—rheumatism and arthritis, ulcers, diabetes, skin conditions, infectious diseases of the eyes, constipation of children, a number of bowel disorders, and some forms of cancer.

We know very little about these new hormones. We know only that they seem to produce relief of symptoms in some cases but that continued use of these gland extracts may result in severe complications. And that is about all we do know. Dr. Philip Beach who received the Nobel Prize for his work with ACTH and Cortisone likes to refer to these made-of-skin as "cigars wrapped in a raspberry inside an orange."

One patient had severe asthma which did not respond to any form of treatment. After three days of treatment with ACTH her asthma was completely relieved. About two weeks after her last dose her asthma recurred, but in much milder form and was easily controlled with occasional doses of a liquid medicine.

Another woman with very severe asthma was quickly relieved after several doses of Cortisone. As long as she continued to take this medicine she felt fine, as soon as she

gradually was discontinued or the dose was reduced to a certain level her asthma returned with full force. At present she is on a maintenance dose, being carefully watched for complications.

One very impressionable young man with moderately severe asthma came to me one day demanding Cortisone treatment because he had heard that it cured asthma. I tried to dissuade him, explaining that my relief would be only temporary, but he insisted. As a my asthma is not too severe asthma, I reluctantly gave him distilled water for the hormones for the first few doses in order to divorce the psychological effect from the actual benefits of the hormones. His response to these injections was so dramatic and so prompt that he never did get ACTH or Cortisone. Few distilled water was sufficient to effect a remission of his asthma symptoms.

What does all this mean?

The answer to all this is fairly simple. Actually, the problem is far from understanding if one understands what asthma really is and what causes it. Probably the best and most concise definition for asthma is "difficulty in breathing with accompanying wheezing." The person feels a constriction in his chest and has a hard time getting the air in and out of his lungs. During this process of forced breathing, especially while inhaling, there is usually a somewhat muffled sound as when

For purposes of clarity it is probably wise to consider the cause of asthma from two aspects: (1) what actually happens in the body to cause the difficulty in getting the air in and out of the lungs and (2) what causes this particular change in the body to occur.

The answer to question one is not difficult. We know that in

SOME STRAY NOTES
STRUCK
FROM A VIRGINIA LUTE

Cause your luteans for loves.
lost
mourn not for lack of knees
what an old maid never had
the never Ma
---JAY-PAT

obstruction the bronchial tubes leading to the lungs are obstructed. This obstruction is usually caused by a swelling of the lining of these tubes, or a tightening of the muscles which surround them, or by collection of dried mucus plugging up these air passages.

Now we come to the discussion of the causes for this obstruction. I mentioned swelling of the lining of the bronchial tubes, tightening of the muscles around them and collection of plugs of dried mucus as one true of blockage. Perhaps this is the most common kind of obstruction which causes asthma.

The condition is what we find in asthma due to allergy, and there are many doctors who prefer to limit the use of the term asthma to the allergic type only. However, there are often conditions besides allergy which can cause swelling of the lungs, spasm of the muscles and plugging of the tubes leading to the lungs.

Those who restrict the use of the term asthma to allergy prefer to call

other types of this difficulty with bronchitis as "asthma" as quotation marks. Thus we read of cardiac "asthma," infections "asthma," "asthmatic" bronchitis and so on.

In asthma due to allergy the patient is sensitive to pollens of trees, flowers and weeds, to foods, to numerous substances like latex dust or oil fume or tobacco or wool. These people usually have other manifestations of allergy, like hay fever. These people get well by susceptibility testing, skin tests to determine their sensitivities, followed by avoidance of these. If the substance they are allergic to is so ubiquitous that it cannot be eliminated, the procedure is to build up the patient's resistance by frequent and repeated injections of increasing quantities of these substances.

These are the patients who may be cured by avoidance of a food, or by moving to another part of the country with a flora which does not correspond to the patient's sensitivities. These are the patients who get well when the cat or dog is eliminated from the house, or the doctor's patient are covered with an impervious suit.

Probably the second most common cause of asthma is infection. Infection in the bronchial tubes may cause swelling of the lining of these tubes, constricting of mucus, drying up of the mucus and even tightening up of the muscles surrounding these air passages. These changes produce difficulty in breathing, and an audible wheeze.

All cases with bronchitis, however, do not have asthma. For that matter, all patients with allergy in the bronchial tubes do not have asthma either. Some may require much more obstruction than others to produce wheezing.

The infection does not even need

to be in the bronchial tubes to produce asthma. Lung infections like pneumonia, tuberculosis and fungal or viral infections can be sufficiently irritating to the air passages to cause a spasm and even more profound changes. That is all that is required for true asthma. These are the patients whose asthma is cured by such things as penicillin.

Nervous causes can produce asthma as well.

That, too, is not hard to imagine. If anger can make a person's heart pound, embarrasment make him blushing, and fear make him pale, why can't other complex emotions produce asthma?

So we have asthma due to allergy, asthma due to infection, asthma due to foreign bodies in the lungs, asthma due to emotion, and asthma due to numerous factors which I need not go into here. This should

be enough to explain why some people with asthma are helped by one kind of treatment and others by another. All patients do not have the same disease.

When one doctor is successful with Epoxin with one condition, that does not mean that all patients with asthma will be benefited. When another doctor has a difference in the special case, that does not mean that all asthmatics should have this type of treatment.

Maybe the woman who was cured in that small town down in Mississippi merely needed to run away from her husband who was making her nervous. Perhaps the doctors who are successful with the medicines diluted one to a doubleillion parts are better psychologists than the rest of us who have found it worthless. Just remember, asthma is a symptom, not a disease.



HE SHRANK FROM HIS OWN MEDICINE



JOHN CHILWELL

In the name of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, he could spill any man's blood . . . excepting his own.

A BLOODSTAINED cart rumbled through the crowded streets of Paris towards the guillotine on the afternoon of March 24, 1794. "No, swine! and your poor victims," yelled the mob.

A field of Parisian crowd was forewarning Jacques Hébert, assistant Public Prosecutor of the French Revolutionary Tribunal, who had already sent 300 people to the death he was now in about.

The mob had learned and appreciated the hard headed and uncompromising Hébert, who dispensed rich and poor, aristocrats and plebeians, alike.

They loved it just the same when

Hébert's own turn came. They spat at him, pulled him with stones and rotten vegetables as he went to meet his death.

Within sight of the guillotine, Hébert fainted.

"Of all the swine," it was written, Hébert showed the most cowardice." The only one to whom he passing was he" - in a former run. To others he was simply "a scandalous producer of cheap newspapers, a theatre-door collector, a miserable snitcher-snagger."

This wrung and tortured fanatic was born at Alençon on November 13, 1757, the son of a dawdling father raised in an obscure town. Hébert

drifted to Paris as a young man but found no step save to toads or fortune.

Brown on his upper, Hébert called on a friend for a loan. But when he left, he also took with him his friend's expensive shirts and collar. Those he pawned. Taxed on the question, he handed over the pawnshop tickets, but did not volunteer to redeem them.

The petty criminal knew all the tricks of the trade when the French rebelled in 1789. He quickly earned a reputation as a pamphleteer.

At the Cordeliers Club or Society of Friends of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen, his cold tongue was soon feared. He rapidly became the club's leading light.

In newspaper, "Le Peuple Français," which he founded in 1791, were the most scurrilous lies Paris had seen.

When the Governments of Europe worked out of the "successive invasions" of the French Revolutionaries, they quoted extracts from Hébert's newspaper about "in the name of Paris were the Bourbons." Hébert himself issued the exclusive "Vive Danton!"

As foreign arms marched against the revolutionaries, "Vive Danton!" urged radical acts against traitors. Thus, he argued, must become part of public policy to ensure safety.

His popularity with the mob earned him election to the revolutionary Committee of Paris in August, 1793. When "Vive Danton!" urged a standing-up of justice, the mob responded "Yes."

Armed with pikes, swords, hatchets, long knives and iron bars, the mob of the guillotine burst into the prison and massacred 350 prisoners - many by means unspeakable.

The woman—Madame Gachet—was bound to a post; her body studded with swords, her feet nailed to the ground. Her insatiate torturers ended her

life by lighting a bundle of straw under her.

A new Revolutionary Tribunal was established. Hébert was appointed assistant Public Prosecutor. His only required qualification was a seal for blood.

First to go were right-wing political opponents and then the "intellectuals" of the left-wing, the Girondins.

Next the republican worthies passed on the Queen, Marie Antoinette. Her death became a matter of policy after the execution of the King Louis XVI, rallying-points for royalists within France were considered dangerous.

At the Cordeliers Club, Hébert howled low down: "I have pronounced the head of Marie Antoinette to the people," he cried. "I will eat it off myself if it is not eaten up quickly."

And he was not to be believed. On October 16, 1793, Marie Antoinette's head rolled.

The terror increased. Not even the weak got the aged drumbeats no punishment were spared.

An old soldier named Dutter grumbled in his cap that the King at least had paid his troops. He died for "exercising the scope is revolt." A half-witted cook who had drunkenly cried out "Long Live the King" in a Paris street, went the same way.

A dithering deaf and blind man named Duran Pay de Verneuil was hauled off to the scaffold . . . even though he could not hear, let alone understand, his accusers.

No one there any sympathy for women. A Madame Gachet, pregnant with child, was gashed & bayonetted, but her cords helped a massacre. The death sentence was immediately pronounced with

Still the flow of blood was not fast enough to satisfy the Revolutionary Tribunal, or Hébert's likes. "Vive

A.H. HOLLYWOOD The things they do and the things that we say there are almost unbelievable. As a matter of fact, you can easily drop the "almost." However, this one seems to have more half-means of truth. It appears that Harpo Marx went on a hunting trip with a few cronies. An unimportant store-owner appeared to inform them that they must shoot from shooting my bone under one year old . . . or else! "But how can I tell if a bear is over one year old?" queried one of the businessmen plaintively. "As," grunted Harpo. "Thank goodness it's just one 'Happy Birthday' to him and if he recognizes the song, shoot him!"

(From "Photoplay," the world's greatest motion picture magazine.)

"Bastards!" suggested an peasant gallotines to speed up "assassin" line" executions of batches of up to 50 prisoners at a time.

"Brave followers of the nation," he said, "do not fail; every year these Mori there be so much necessary over cutting short the lives of millions whom the people have already condemned."

Before long, the Tribunes did not even bother to listen to the retorted's demands.

But "Père Duchesne" was still not satisfied. He went on to attack religion.

A thorough-going atheist, Robert and his friends planned a grand "Festival of Reason."

A section of plaster was erected in the Cathedral of Notre Dame and was faced with the walls of the philosophers. A replica of a Greek temple was built into the plaster; and on its base were the words "TO PHILOSOPHY."

The dedication to "Reason" opened on November 16, 1793, with an ovation by the band of the National Guard. Young girls in white with梯子 on their shoulders and drums on their

heads filed into the Cathedral with lighted torches. A "Return to Nature" was chanted.

Out of the plaster temple emerged an open house astrologer. At Liberty, she wore a red cap; other astrologers and actors did otherwise to her.

The procession made its way out of the Cathedral to the National Assembly, then in session. The President kissed astrophysics and advanced her a post next to him on the rostrum. It was announced that henceforth the Cathedral of Notre Dame would be the Temple of Reason.

Bishop Golob of Paris and his clergy were publicly unfrocked and shared their views in favor of Reason. Robert led the mob in breaking robes and destroying statues. The end of Christianity—a symbol of the ancient regime—was announced.

Within 25 days, 250 churches throughout France were also transformed into Temples of Reason.

When the excesses had continued for about a month, the National Assembly suddenly called a halt, as freedom of worship—one of the precious tenets of the Revolution—was being violated.

Christian worship soon became proscribed—provided the people had enough adherence to the Republic.

Robert began to lose his influence. People no longer backed his crusade for the kind of "temple."

Instead they decided he himself was discredited. And they were not far from the truth. His party was actually planning a coup d'état for March 4, 1794.

The plan miscarried. Brought to trial on March 26, 1794—almost a year to the day since Robert had emerged as Assistant Prosecutor of the body now trying him—the patriots did not have a chance.

On March 26, the judge instructed

the jury to make up their minds as the accused was all "wretched, bigoted, fanatic, contemptuous, insidious, wily, crafty, querulous, exacting, barbarous, hypocritical, callous, perverse, ferocious, vicious."

The jury had the sense to bring a verdict of "Guilty."

An sentence of death was read. Robert then became livid and peremptorily denied all his falsehood. There were tears in his eyes. He was close to hysteria.

Perhaps his victims may have been pleased to learn that onwards did many turns before their deaths, the valiant hero of death but once





A CRICKETING NAME CAME GOOD

The little bowler who failed beat a man who tripped out the defeat by giving himself a chip off the old block

THIS man who has to shoulder the blame for losing a cricket Test match is not exactly the favorite of the gods today. Half a century ago, in England, the apprehension was a hundred times worse.

So the little bowler from Sussex, who walked slowly and sadly back to the pavilion with England's courage drained—still a bare three runs short of the Australian total—might have been muttering, "Devil, where art thy sting?"

The day was July 26th, 1902. The place, Manchester. The occasion, the fourth Test match. It had been a dismal game, hurl-flores the English

umpire—a gem shivered an hour away long before the first ball was bowled. Following their defeat in the third Test at Sheffield, the English selectors had panicked. There had been bouts of rage—especially from the North of England—when the critics started to roar, the lot of men—Hurst, the great Yorkshire all-rounder, had been omitted. So had Sydney Barnes, the best bowler in Scotland. So had Jessie, the hardest hitter! And C. B. Fry, the polished stockbroker!

But the critics had deserved their chosen bairns for Fred Trowe . . . the little Sussex bowler, whom we have

seen running back to the pavilion

He had been an overoptimistic selection. This was a useful attack bowler, nothing more. On top of that, he was a poor fielder, and a wretched batsman.

So the newspaper walked on to the field carrying a 14-pound penalty. The scoreboard did nothing towards deserve him up.

The Australians hit him for 41 runs off 11 overs without any sign of a wicket in the first innings. He too not out with the bat was scarcely sensational.

But it was in Australia's second dig that poor Fred made his fatal blunder. Hurriedly bowled to Joe Darling, the Australian captain, the bowler thought—rightly, as it turned out—that Joe might be forced into hitting a ball so high square leg. Trowe was placed in position. At this time, Littlewood, glowing like a champion had Trumper, Duff and Hill back in the pavilion with only 10 runs on the board.

Darling bowled. Darling hooked the ball high and straight, to Trowe. The little man parried what was a relatively easy catch, then dropped it. Darling went on to add 24 runs with Syd Gregory to boot.

Even then the Australian manager played it safe—with England needing only 126 runs to win.

It rained overnight; no play was possible in the morning. But England had 20 on the board when the fourth wicket fell.

Yet Trumper and Bradman bowled like mad possessed, with only two wickets to go. England needed eight to win . . . with the last man in.

This was on his way to the wicket when it rained again. For three-quarters of an hour, the rains who wouldn't bat waited to face bowlers who were bowling as well as anybody had ever bowled.

Finally, the sun shone. Then came Bradman. Along came the first ball. This manously moved his bat, but the ball flew down the edge and went to the boundary. Four to win!

The next ball was a savage bouncer, it knocked back a stamp. This was twice deadly . . . of the sense of being bowled out of sleep, Darling.

He had only one remark to make:

"I've got a boy at home who's going to wipe out my disgrace."

Back to Sussex—and out of Test matches—went Fred Trowe. His boy was then only seven.

Eleven years later, Fred Trowe took "the boy" along to the Sussex Committee for a trial. "My boy Maurice," he announced. A tall lad, with enormous feet and a big mouth with prominent teeth, stood beside unwordily.

But as soon as he put the diamond on there was nothing unwordily about him. The first up-set was with the bat, and showed as much promise as any recruit the county had seen for years. But with the ball, he looked like something really out of the box.

He made his mark in the 1921-22 season. Then—when County cricket was out for four years—he served in the Army.

With the first post-war season, however, he was back. He was considered unlikely to make the English team of Australia in 1926 . . . and even more unlikely to make selection in Test against the Australians in England in 1930.

By the time the English team was due to visit Australia in 1934-5 the outcry that would have greeted Maurice Trowe's omission from the side should have smothered the heat that followed Fred's selection 22 years earlier.

Tony had claimed to bring the front

THE Indian Council of Churches has been having more than its share of trouble, and in its first real drama that scores of telephone calls have been averaging the Council's offices, leading to place-holds. Classes were when a citizen turned up with less than \$20 dollars he had won on a race. The Council advised the money. A bookie had used the Council's telephone number to his clients. (By mistake, he claimed.)

all-rounder in England. He had, in the previous season, scored a thousand runs, and taken 280 wickets, a fact only two before him had performed.

On the 1924 tour, Tait cut an all-time niche in cricket history for himself.

On that tour, he came off the pitch like a fast bowler, young lass, and did anything and everything to entertain between.

In his first Test match, Tait took a total of 11 wickets, the most spectacular debut in Test history. There wasn't a bowler to back him up, he bowled with bad leg, and the English batsmen, apart from Hobbs and Hartley, was weak.

In the second Test, Tait—again playing almost a lone hand and finishing day-long on a wicket that didn't fall him, excepting a speculative last-strength—got another nine wickets.

The third Test (played on a wicket that would have made anything short of atom bombs comparatively impotent) gave a stand-out Tait not so successful. But as far as Australia was concerned, it was the calm before the storm.

In the fourth Test, at Melbourne, England's bunting at last got on to the beam. The side rattled up 104, and then got Australia out for 200, with Tait getting two out of the first three wickets.

Australia followed on. Tait in a superlative performance, got five Australian wickets for 79—and three of them were clean bowled.

He picked up another nine wickets in the final Test. His 51 wickets overall constituted a Test record.

In England, next year, he was to round off the reputation for his Old Mary legend.

Picked as the first bowler, nearly one in three of his 300 overs was a maiden.

The first four Tests were drawn, the last Test, at the Oval, was to be played out to decide The Ashes. Australia got 300 in the first innings. Tait got three wickets for 41 and bowled 17 maidens in 21 overs.

But it was in the final morning that Tait made his great contribution to victory. He only got one wicket for 22. But his deadly accuracy at last moved that Whippet Brook, the veteran Yorkshire bowler who finished with 4 for 46, could speak against the batsmen, who couldn't handle the steady wicket.

The Ashes win of 1926 was the crowning of Master Tait's Test career.

Not that he was classified as a bowler—far from it. He came to Australia again in 1928-29.

With Larwood, he handled the Australians out for 121 in Brisbane, then, in the second Test in Sydney, took 6 for 39 in Australia's second innings. The fourth Test in Adelaide saw him take another 4 for 77.

In that series, Tait bowled 511 overs; 22 of them were maidens. His bag of wickets (17) was below par, but, even at that, he took only one wicket less than Larwood.

In 1929, the ageing Tait struck again at the height of the Second World War, when Test, 101, 224 and 234 flowed from the Master's bat in successive Tests. That was to the occasion.

The wagons told the story. Tait had bowled nearly 7000 as many overs as anybody else. He had taken 18 wickets (five more than any of his fellow nations at the census), and his amazing average of maidens had remained at one in three.

He had deserved the most Bradmanian obeisance—for right and resolute.

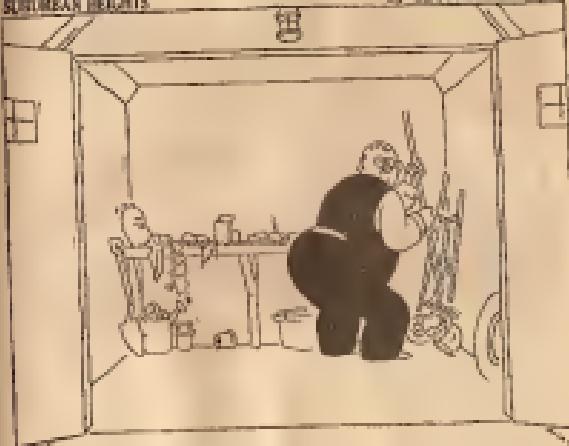
Tait ended his career on a note of anti-climax.

He came out to Australia with Jardine's 1930 side . . . and wasn't picked in a Test. Men who could play the dubious theory were these wanted. Tait had neither the speed nor the inclination for cricket匣erous. He had words with Jardine, and was dismissed with being sent home.

He had played in his last Test, but the "boy at home" had been good enough to carry the Old Man's military feathers . . . with a hat to spare.

SOUTHERN HIGHLIGHTS

By CLINTON WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY WAS IN A DELICATE SITUATION WHEN SEEING THE PEOPLE HERE DODGE HIM, WHOM HE HADN'T BEEN ON SPEAKING TERMS LATELY. DRIVE AWAY, HE SNEAKED OVER TO THEIR GARAGE TO SEE IF HE COULD REUNITE HIS MISSING RAMES; AND HISO HAPPENED THAT JUST THEN THEY CAME BACK, FOR SOMETHING

The last saw that the face of the murdered girl was the face of the sister he loved.



JAMES MOLLEDOE

the Slaying of Simona



AT seven o'clock on the morning of September 19, 1951, Kiko Chaves was walking home to the little cottage on the outskirts of Juarez, Mexico, where he lived with his parents and an eye-witness young sister.

He took a short cut across a dirt-covered clay-pit. Suddenly he stopped. Stood still on his track beside the track was the figure of a girl.

Kiko stepped over to her. Then he jumped back in terror. The girl was dead. Her body, spattered with blood, was still warm. From her mouth began to protrude a piston.

The Mexican boy ran up the track to the nearest house, sobbing hysterically.

The pretty face was that of his own sister, Simona Chaves, eighteen years old and just having rate-

urcous. Latin worshipped she had been one of the most breathtakingly and resplendently-beautiful girls in Juarez.

Within a few minutes police were on the scene. The Juarez Chief of Police, Jesus Chacon, took charge. His assistant was Detective Lorenzo Hernandez. They found nothing that would point them. Blood had obliterated even any fingerprints on the knife.

The detectives returned to headquarters with Kiko Chaves.

"Did your sister have many boy friends?" asked Chacon.

"Yes, sir," said Kiko. "Simona was always going out on dates."

"Who were they?"

"None of them boys would have known her," Kiko protested. "They were all old school friends."

"Tell me and let me judge," urged Chacon. Kiko recited all several names. Hernandez took notes.

Kiko went on to tell that Simona had worked as a laundry. She walked home by way of the clay-pit every evening about six o'clock.

The detectives went to work.

First in a Mexican border town within a mile of the busy International Bridge into the United States. In every investigation, as police have to be in the look-out that their quarry does not cross over the bridge . . . and out of their jurisdiction.

Chief Chacon decided to take no chances. He obtained half a dozen men on the bridge night and day.

They had orders to hold on for questioning every Mexicanigrant, resident alien and resident of women who tried to cross.

A week passed, but the case was no nearer solution.

An autopsy showed that Simona had died from a knife thrust . . . but not suddenly. She had been

stabbed only once, and the wound was jagged as if the blade had been twisted about in the flesh.

"Do you think the killer might be a real idiot?" Chacon asked the Mexican Officer.

"Not necessarily," the doctor answered. "As I see it, the rational reaction of the girl after the knife entered would be to try to pull it out."

"Well, why didn't she?" interrupted Chacon.

"I don't think the murderer let her," was the answer. "I would say that as soon as he saw her clutching at the weapon in her hand, he pulled her to her and held her firmly close to him, so she couldn't reach the knife."

"How long would she take to die?" asked Chacon.

"About five minutes. As they struggled around, he probably got his hands to her throat. You can see where that is."

Meanwhile, the men at Simona's home and her father's workshop at the laundry had been questioned. All had alibis.

Then Detective Hernandez suggested that a handsome, eighteen-year-old motor oil salesman—alias the supposed to have left on a hunting trip the day before the murder—might be their man.

As he pointed out to Chacon, people forget dates quickly. What they thought was the day before might actually be the day after the killing.

The Chief gave him permission to bring in the youth, who was highly regarded when he arrived at headquarters 48 hours later.

"I was not even in town when Simona was murdered!" he protested . . . and he was able to prove it.

The dispassionate detective prepared to let him go . . . with apologies.

"Were you Simona's favorite boy friend?" Chacon happened to

STATE OF THE NATION (1952)

I wish I were a Penguin in a cool Antarctic neck
where you never can get all buried up because the world is crook.
I'd park politely on the strand (waiting to view the whales),
conscious of my beauty in white cap, spots and Tails,
Tel true with global ones with considerables green.
Such vulgar gorging-on, of course, all Penguins must deplosh,
sootily on my skin crust, I'd live the single life;
and, if I felt like fishing, there would always be the wife,
Grim reminders of distance would leave me very cold,
if they'd manners to deliver, I'd rather not be told.
For the A-Banks and the H-Banks, I couldn't well care less,
trapped up in peaceful harmony with my little Penguins.

—JAY PAR

ask silly letters the youth was released.

"I was for a while," the lad replied. "Chief Fernando Padilla cut me out. He's a lot older than me, and Sister can now only sign the pretended 'representative' note."

Chavez set up suddenly. No such older men figured on the list of Sister's friends,

"What did you say his name was?" he asked.

"Fernando Padilla — but what else is in that stack of misery I don't know," said the lad. "He's dark and strong, and at least 30 years old."

He revealed, too, that Sister's mysterious fiance was a pomo player. He was even able to tell the detective where he lived.

The Chief and his wife hurried to the address. They were met by an elderly Mexican, who told them that her son, Fernando, had disappeared.

about the middle of September.

Breaking his hand early, the old man also confessed that his son had two great failings—smoking marijuana and shooting after pretty Mexican girls.

The police returned to headquarters — very bubbly encouraged.

All over Mexico the missing maniac was hunted. At last, late in August, 1952, Chief Chavez received a report that a man referred to as Padilla had been seen in the town of Mazatlan, deep in the interior of Mexico.

Detective Hernandez and a couple of men stalked there by car but found their lead had gone. Fernando Padilla had indeed been there for a few weeks, working on a dance hall, but he had left a week before.

Some of the other maniacs in the band, however, remembered that Padilla had been talking of going to

the United States.

Chief Chavez's heart sank. Once across the border, and hidden among the racing millions of New York, Chicago or some other city, the chances of catching the knife killer were less than, Buckley's.

But there remained the American Immigration Service. Armed with Padilla's description and recognition, they went to work to ferret out the unwanted alien.

It was slow work. Not until March 1953—one and a half years after the slaying of Simon Chavez—did Jesus Chavez receive a telegram telling him that Fernando Padilla had been arrested in Los Angeles and was being extradited.

In July, the prisoner was delivered into the hands of the Justice Police.

A tough customer, Padilla did not crack under hours of questioning. He denied all knowledge of the crime.

Chavez was not worried. He concluded that he had collected a complete case against Padilla. The District Attorney agreed. On July 26, 1952, he went into court to prosecute the suspect for murder.

Under Mexican law, there is no jury system. A judge listens to the evidence, and upon his vote the sole responsibility for deciding guilt or innocence.

The prosecution had several bomb-shells which soon discredited the prisoner. Several young and pretty girls testified that they had gone out with Fernando Padilla.

Then, slowly and hesitantly, they all told a similar story. They described how Padilla had lured them to a lonely spot and threatened them with a pistol until they yielded to him.

The weapon produced in evidence at the one that killed Simon Chavez (which all testified) was the one that Padilla had used.

The prisoner (undeniably) decided to change his story. He admitted receiving \$1000 in the day just on the night of his death. He claimed the sum easily pocketed at bars.

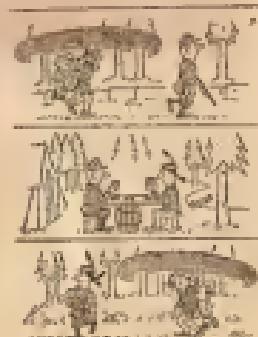
"Suddenly," he concluded, "she walked over, pushed the knife out of my belt and started herself. I got up and I ran away."

It was a good story, but not good enough. Mexican witnesses proved that the girl could not have pushed the ten-inch blade right up to the belt in her dress.

Moreover, how did she get the tell-tale bruise on her throat? Doubtless she did not try to strangle herself as well?

The judge did not take long with his verdict. The condemned was sentenced to 40 years hard labor.

In Mexico they have a peculiar custom that—when a murderer is sentenced to 40 years—the 40 has what he does before. And "dead," they say, is a very inadequate adjective to describe the labor he performs during his sentence.



GIRL SLAVES STILL EXIST

JOHN CHARR



John Charra

Inside the denser-seeming dwellings of many a metropolis, there are still secret markets where red slaves are bought and sold

EARLY in 1938 a worried young man sat in the police headquarters of Lisbon, Portugal, and pinned out a tragic story of the world's worsted wanton.

The name was Maria L. Some months before she had answered an advertisement that ran regularly in the local papers.

Help wanted. Attractive young women, free to travel, for high-paying position at restaurants and night-

clubs in South America. All expenses advanced against one-year salary guarantee; students arranged to respectable houses. Send photograph, full details.

'Maria was only 18,' the young man explained. 'She was given passage money and an advance against her pay, and she boarded a ship for Argentina. She was my friend; I was to follow if there was work. But I have received only one letter from

her, in which she was very despondent.' He spread his hands helplessly. 'After that, only silence.'

The inspector of police, a specialist in organized vice—including the traffic in women and drug-smuggling. 'The address on the advertisement is that of Manuel Ortega,' he said. 'Manuel Ortega is the head of one of the largest white-slave rings in the world. Last year, from Lisbon, Marseilles, Geneva and other European cities he shipped over two thousand girls to South America—under the pretense of giving them jobs.'

'But when they arrived, they found their destination was a bordellos—and also that they were heavily in debt to the Ortega organization. Almost all accepted Ortega's terms—what they thought was a temporary loan. But they soon found that they were perpetually in debt to the madame. It is known that several committed suicide.'

'Whether your Maria is alive or dead is a mystery. We can do nothing about Ortega because he operates a legitimate business here. But we will take you affidavits. It is proof of a terrible fact.'

Orderly, that would have been the end of the matter. Another girl coming registered in the children of an international white-slave ring. But in this case, the Lisbon police put in touch with a new international police organization known as the International Criminal Police Commission, which has headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland and bureaus under the United Nations.

The report showed that the address from which Maria L. had written her mother was a brothel in Buenos Aires. Manuel Ortega was identified—not as a Portuguese but as a Frenchman named Pierre Chambres. Chambres was wanted on charges of preparing in at least six cities in four

different nations' A 1936 alias!

With this information, the Lisbon police acted. They arrested Ortega. In other Mediterranean cities, the police, working in collaboration with the ICPC, staged simultaneous arrests of more than a dozen persons for the Ortega organization. At one time, the largest wholesale organization of recent years was broken up. Presently, this could not have happened.

The ICPC was formed only about two years ago. Since then the United Nations has passed a global Man Act in which 60 member nations have pledged themselves to co-operate for the elimination of prostitution. From now on, the big international white-slave rings are to be a tough time.

Recent sensational headlines reveal the efficacy of this new collaboration.

Many international white-slave rings have been broken up. Take the case of Jean de la Touzé, head of a white-slave ring with headquarters in Marseilles which specialized in sending girls to Brazil.

The police of Corsica, Caribbean Islands and several other European states all had stories to tell in Touzé, and knew that he recruited girls in their cities and shipped them to Marseilles, from whence they were then shipped across the Atlantic. They even had sketchy descriptions of him. But they didn't know his name, and there were no fingerprints.

In Marseilles, the police were given instructions to watch all ships arriving, paying particular attention to groups of young and pretty girls who were sailing for Brazil in order to assume "good jobs." In due course, Commissioner Raoul of Marseilles got word down one of his directives that these pretty girls were about to sail, and that a man who was "luring them

BELIEVE it or not, cows should see a dentist twice a year. If a cow is having trouble digesting her food, her teeth may be at fault. A leading U.S. veterinarian recently treated a cow which refused to eat. While the vet was checking her teeth, he sliced her finger on a sharp tooth. "He" caused the vet, nervously and tent for a dental job. When the tooth was removed, the cow went back to her normal eating habits.

"It resembled the sketchy description of the unknown creature.

Douglas has protestations against the "intrigue" de la Tour was deemed no surprise. Gouyou got on the job, and it was soon found that the addresses to which the girls were being sent were actually Brussels houses of prostitution. Telephones conversations between the police of at least six cities identified de la Tour beyond doubt. Through the net of international co-operation, the ring was swiftly broken up, and its key men placed behind bars.

Ironically, de la Tour, while off on bail, was sheltered in at least 20 places and harbored by one of his own agents, presumably, as a protection against his "spreading."

But the gang was rounded up anyway.

To give more size of the efficiency of this new collaboration under U.N. auspices, during the past two years and in Mediterranean ports alone, it is estimated that more than 20 leaders in the white-slave traffic, and

is have shipped at least 1,000 girls annually to North and Central America, have been arrested and convicted.

It is unquestionably the greatest cleavage in the international women traffic the world has ever seen. Few realize the extent to which prostitution has increased in many countries, over recent years.

In the United States, prostitution has doubled in five years. In Japan, Tokyo's "Redhouses" or red-light districts—closed down for a short time after the women began going full-breed, with an estimated 50,000 girls going "protection" in such establishments as "open-court restaurants, massage parlors, and tea shops."

One of the greatest international mysteries is what happened to the more than 300 Dutch women who disappeared following their release from Japanese internment camps after the war. Many are believed to have fallen the prey of international white slaves.

In Berlin, "red girls" are available in unlimited numbers for less of \$10 dollars or less a night. In Peru, venereal disease is up 20 per cent. There are at least two million "blue girls" in China.

In Italy, there are now between 2,000 and 4,000 registered houses of prostitution, and 20,000 prostitutes in Rome alone. The taxes received from houses of prostitution are being used to defray the costs of the Italian social service. In both Italy and Argentina, there is strong opposition to efforts to "crack down" on prostitution.

In Egypt, an Arab "dancing girl" may be purchased for as little as 25 dollars.

Dope and prostitution go together. The dope picture is also bad. According to the U.N. Narcotics Commission, the world traffic in illicit

drugs amounts to around 1,000,000,000 dollars annually. In Italy, there is a 10-year supply of heroin, waiting to be shipped to the United States.

In Finland, consumption of heroin, according to the U.N., tripled in 10 years. Over the same decade, Italian consumption of heroin rose 20 per cent. London is considered the largest illicit supplier of heroin, hashish and cocaine through a globe-circling dope ring. Egypt alone has 1,000,000 known drug addicts.

Younger work is being done by the ICFC, in support of the police of many countries—in addition to the United States—on dope movements. Recently a ring that was smuggling opium into England in the packages loads of automobiles were arrested. Canada—among the 30,000 persons have been shot and opened up, and found to contain masses of dope. Canaris' new colonel, Egypt from Asia Minor are now X-rayed as a protective measure.

Recently Scotland Yard, working in collaboration with the ICFC, learned that the French freighter "Saint Tropez" was transporting a large load of heroin to New York. U.S. customs men were tipped off, and the ship was searched from stem to stern. A supply of the drug worth hundreds of thousands of pounds was found.

But the real didn't stop there. It led directly back to Marseille, Liverpool and Egypt. Finally the name of the shadowy head of the international dope ring was discovered—a Belgian known only as "Rene the Black."

While it is too early to predict that the ICFC will succeed in breaking up international white slavery and dope smuggling, there is encouraging evidence that it will make the life of the international criminal increasingly perilous as time goes on. If it weren't for this new organization, the situation would be far worse to-day than it is.





THE END of Arguments

What is the Size of the Largest Star? Of course, there is no predicting the size of stars to come, but up to date the record seems to be claimed by Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of Harvard College Observatory. Dr. Shapley has detected a star so gigantic that its radius is more than eight times from the earth to the sun, while its diameter is more than 1,000,000,000 miles. Meanwhile, we think a billion miles across is worth a gigantee if it could fit the sun, they would over-shade the entire solar system! Harvard scientists have been leading in Harvard's massive and extensive study of extra-solaric stars of the universe. These biggest stars have been found in the Small and Large Clouds of Magellan.

How Fast is an Escalator?

You, you're right, it probably doesn't depend on the escalator. Still, the world seems to be littered with instances with time on their hands. Experts calculate that in New York City restaurants move at 12 feet a minute (or, in case of a mere walk and a half an hour). However, in London waiters at such hour, calculate but two walks an hour. Department store customers often move as slowly as 10 feet a minute. But don't despair the moving staircase is a slow-pooch. An escalator less than a yard wide and moving at 12 feet a minute can carry 20 people in

one direction — a job that would take sixteen 2,000-lb capacity elevators to equal.

Would You Like to Live to be a Hundred?

All right, all right — don't scream at us now. Keep your personal statistics to yourselves. The next we can say is that, according to the American Institute of Public Opinion, which polled a national cross-section of the U.S. population on this question, reports that about two out of every three people declare that they would definitely live to 100. The other one wouldn't. Men were more interested in the possibility than women, while teen-agers were somewhat less interested in becoming centenarians — but not much.

Which Is Most Popular A Dog or a Cat?

Now, don't show this to any British society columnists; we're not buying into any fight. BUT — according to a poll of British pet-owners conducted by Dr. Kenneth Colman in which the enthusiastic doctor interviewed 20,000 animal-lovers, more people prefer to see a cat about the house. There are, says Dr. Colman, more than 1,000,000 cats in Britain compared with about 900,000 dogs. Cats seem to own their superior numbers largely to the fact that more of them are "gently occupied."



Hey look, what you're running in your Romeo — and we'll tell you: horses are taking a bitter view of Rosalie's carriages. It's just one of those things that happen in South California. A horseless carriage Derby. Age limit of the passengers is around forty years — age of the passengers is about the direct opposite. But they seem to get on quite well together. Here she is buckling up a tidy amount to the starting line — get a move on, you! — don't keep her waiting.

BEAUTY and some BOMBS



Now there you are — get ready! — get set! — Go! Okay! You can finger just a little — we don't mind your peep at 'em — as a matter of fact, we can take globs of that wine in large quantities! So hurry, hurry! It's better to look before you leap — and — if you don't mind — we'll help you do the looking.

80 CAVAILADE, February, 1952



The Bomb is a 1909 model Rux.



But a husband well, you never can tell — seems that he's entirely a one-job man — probably belongs to the Masons and Elks' Union — still, have no care — they're well into the job and they'll soon be on their way again. By the way, that's Winona Smith underneath. Diana Mooney is holding the advice.

Crime Capsules



IN CALIFORNIA . . .

In Newark (U.S.), 18-year-old Daniel Berrios was awakened before dawn by the screechy shrill of a car-burner. Hysterically, Master Berrios crawled sleep while his closed eyes watched the modern collector \$1 dollars. As soon as the intruder had left the room, however, Berrios leaped from bed, snatched a bayonet which he kept as a souvenir and pursued the "cat." Lighting his quarry, Master Berrios poised the bayonet and cried "Halt!" "Halt!" shrieked the "cat" and dropping an umbrella, dived reper-uise at Berrios, who responded with a back somersault. A series of brilliant parries resulted in the umbrella falling upon two halves. The "cat" — Julius ("Baldie") Rudy — went to the cooler. Master Berrios went back to bed.

AN CHARITY . . .

In Washington (U.S.), 40-year-old Elmer Shute, who had been struck by a car, lay in his hospital bed, and found that the driver had been unable to raise the \$5 dollar fine imposed by the judge. The kindly Mr. Shute promptly paid the cashy fine. And, not to be outdone, Arthur Craig of Boston, ordered either to go to jail for vagrancy or give his wife \$5 dollars for living expenses until the wife came on, waited that

he was story-book. With a bad job of sympathy, his second "wife" departed the fitty laces. But perhaps best was Maryanne Cyclo, of Bronxton (U.S.), charged with shoplifting her husband. She was released on a 1,000 dollar bond—furnished by her polygynous spouse.

LETTER OF LAW . . .

One Malone, of Arizona (U.S.), rescued five baby quail when their nest fell into a stream. For two years, he fed and cared for them. Then a gomewards came along and fined Mr. Malone \$5 dollars for having birds out of season.

THIEF'S THE HIGH . . .

James Clarkson, a wheel labourer of Southport, England, recd to the rescue of a man who had been trapped in quick sand. The Southport City Council promptly docked a shilling from Clarkson's wages for leaving his job without permission.

MURKY COURTEOUS . . .

John M. Kelly, escapee from a Virginia (U.S.) mental institution, is lost. Recently, the Washington Times-Herald quoted a prison guard: Kelly would "prefer death to surrender." Explored Kelly by return post: "I don't want to be taken alive . . . I have no intention of causing trouble to anyone . . . Please print this." The newspaper obliged. At writing, Mr. Kelly is still at large.





LESTER WAY

In CAValcade, February, 1932

a
blonde
with
GREEN
eyes

* FICTION

He had caught Tracy under the chin and dropped him to the floor against the wall.

HIS MOTHER HAD ALWAYS TOLD HIM WHAT NOT TO TRUST WHEN HE LEFT HOME FOR THE BIG, BAD CITY . . . AND MOTHER KNOWS BEST.

IT was a shabby place with a tattered look.

Nana Lippas was not ugly, but she had a temporary look too, only that was different. She was blonde, her shape needs you want her, and her green eyes and you could have her—but it would be strictly short-term.

For Paul Morrison it had lasted six weeks.

He came into the office carrying an

empty briefcase, and he took Nana in his arms. Her lips were as willing as ever. "What a clean-up!" he said.

"Where's the buckle, then?"

"Belt in the back where it stays till the payoff."

She moved away from him.

She said, "Your betting syndicate

closed up a good month 20 thousand!"

"A lot over, Baby?"

"And you'd have gone broke without my tip. Do you know how I get them?"

"I can guess," Paul mumbled.

"Ninety boys, pickers and bookmakers," she said. "They're hard to

CAVALCADE, February, 1932 13

OH, HUSBANDS ARE A SORRY LOT

The mope has gone out of marriage
Husbands will hardly note
when your wife goes to face a Wolf At The Door
and returns in a new mink coat

—JAY-PAT

Door open, Phil, and they all smell bad, but I got the eye I didn't do that for peanuts!"

"Our consciousness comes to cover from shooosh."

He lit a cigarette. "We could really do things with it loosened," she said. "And the syndicate, Nola? They like people. Stealing from people like that, isn't smart."

"They were made to be fenced? If they didn't pay into your syndicate some other crook would cut it?"

She sat off the desk. Think of the places we could go, think of the things we could do! But if you're going with . . ."

"Okay," he said easily. "Where do we go from here?"

"First, you get down to the bank and collect the cash. When you've got it, then we can make plans."

Phil glanced at her watch. "I'll have to leave first," he said.

He took the bracelets and two pens. Nola Lipton sat on the desk. She drew hard on her cigarette.

Mosson was gone for half an hour. When he came back, his bracelets

were bulging and Nola was raking up her hair.

Her eyes looked at him over the tiny mirror she was using.

"Money to burn?" Phil said. "No, where do we go from here?"

The girl was watching the door behind Phil's back. The bitch clicked Phil turned and faced the man.

She was tall, with a face that was too hanndsome, and shoulders that were too broad. The other was small, with narrow shoulders, sleek black hair.

They moved toward Phil without speaking. Phil backed to the office, the bracelets behind his back. He moved back till it was within reach of Nola's hand.

He said, "I need both my hands." He didn't look around as she grasped the bracelets.

"A new haul," the big man said. "The been watching you late, Mosson. But you didn't know you were running Salty Baxter's claim."

"Wrong on all counts, Salty," Phil said. "It isn't money in the case. My menkins belong to the syndicate. I don't jump your claim."

"An honest, boring syndicate?" Salty drawled. "Is that something you invented?"

"Maybe I did, or maybe it was Nola. But it worked."

"And you make off with the winnings three days before the pay-off? You didn't invent that . . . and it won't work!"

Salty Baxter's eyes went past Phil to the big blonde Nola. His man with Salty kept his small black eyes on Phil.

"You after a concession, Salty?" Phil asked.

"I don't play for small change. You didn't know you were working for me."

"Was I?"
"Yeah! I'll take that bracelet—

There are things we don't agree on," Phil said steadily.

Nola spoke then. "Phil," she said, "my boyfriend is a crooked Salty, and he's a wicked trigger."

Mosson said, "How you feeling, son?"

They blinked. His mouth went loose on one side, which was the way a hold-up for talking, and he shooting. Phil Mosson didn't want.

He hopped at Tony, and Tony took a step back and reached for the gun. He got it out of his pocket.

Mosson's fist got Tony under the chin and dropped him on the floor.

Phil watched the automatic Salty Baxter stopped short at the sound of Tony's gun going metal.

"Mr. Baxter," Phil said. "Get over there now, Tony."

Salty Baxter raised his hands. He sent a side glance at Nola, but Phil didn't look looking at the girl. He hopped the gun around, and he kept his gaze on Baxter as Salty edged ever toward the lamp form on the floor.

Salty said, "You you're still on the wrong leg. You haven't got the guts to kill me, and I'd go out of here with the last bullet to prove it."

"Okay, what are you waiting for?"
"You waiting for Tony."

Baxter I held him off until money on that bracelet, it's old letters I'm taking home to burn."

"As a favor, you're goddamned crooks, Mosson. You might as well give the gun out of the window."

Tony Sommons was drawing his way to his feet. Slowly, Salty walked into the mouth of the gun.

Phil let him come on, backing away till he was against the desk, then he grabbed the handle of the automatic up from Baxter's stomach to his hand.

Baxter stopped. Phil's hand went behind his back to the telephone on the desk. He felt for the police call

dots on the dial, and twisted the mouthpiece off with his wrist. He started to work the dial.

"Don't ride your bronch too hot, Salty . . ."

The telephone snarled on the floor before him. Scratching hard, the size of a man barrel, but Phil's spine.

"Give Salty the toy until, Sweetie-pie?"

I was Salty's husky voice, only the huskiness had sharp switch in it. She added, "It's the pay-off, Phil. You didn't know it, but you have been working the *Silly Doctor*."

Salty took the gun from Phil's hand. Phil turned around and looked at Nola's face. It seemed only now.

"My mother told me never to trust a blonde with green eyes," he said.

"You should have taken her advice, Darling!"

He handed the bracelets to Salty. Salty said, "The copper was on to me, Phil. I couldn't work that racket myself, but Nola knew all the angles. You did a good job as a damny."

Nola stood beside Salty. Her blue eyes were intense, and the gun in Salty's hand, both threatened Phil as they looked in the deer-hunting唐 with them.

"This now, Nola," Mosson said. "Money it has to end like this."

The door closed on them. He picked up the telephone and put it back on the desk. He sat down and rested his feet up beside it. He lit a cigarette. The phone rang and he grunted.

"Well, Inspector. You get 'em, eh? Oh, the stuff in the bracelets! Hell, don't you know a damnable record when you see one? Sure, I tapped my own telephone and got records of all Nola's calls to Salty. What? Well, you see, before I left home, my mother told me to never trust a blonde with green eyes—to I didn't think, the money's still safe in the bank."

CANALDALE, February, 1953 59



The Commissar's Woman

PAUL WARREN GRAHAM

THE HELL-MEN WERE QUITE READY TO BE VERY GOOD
COMRADES, BUT THEY HAD FIXED IDEAS ABOUT HOUSES

"Wait!" she told him. "It will only be
dangerous while their transports follow."

POGORINSKI started in the old
Chevrolet skidded and bucked in
a straight line. "You drive like a madman," he crookedly laid-independently.

"AN'" endorsed the driver in a
whistled voice. "Masha is there, waiting
for you." He pointed, then dictated.
"And now, Comrade, I can go
home to my wife."

Pogorinsky looked down at the
steamy two-bridge that spanned the
gorge, then across at the horsemen
on the other side. This was a tall
man, clad in a long, dark tunic. His
face was buried under a red fur cap,
his was armed with a rifle and, in
addition to his own mount, he had a
second horse on a lead.

The driver reached into the back
of the car and dragged out a suitcase.
"With luck" he said, "I'll make
most of the trip as daylight."

"You can help me over with that,
first."

"Puh! You can manage it, surely,"
laughed the driver and dumped the
bag on to the other's lap.

The passenger got out, grumbling.
"You're not a good driver," he complained,
but his words were drowned in a cloud of dusty steam, the Chevy
began to back up the slope.

Half walking, half sliding, Pogorinsky
stared down towards the bridge.
Crossing the gorge, he tried not to

look down at the swaying wagons below. The wagons bumped continually against his legs and, with every
step he became more certain that
the setting planks would give way
under him. But at last, he reached
the other side and stumbled toward
the waiting Masha. The fellow leaped
down from his saddle and relieved
him of his burden.

"We're a long way, Comrade," he
said, handing the reins of the second
horse to Pogorinsky.

"Why hasn't anything been done
about that bridge?" demanded Pogorinsky,
resentfully. "It's a disgrace to the name of the Soviet."

"It served, Comrade," replied
Masha, wheeling her mount and
galloping up the narrow track. "It served
for a long time they rule in silence.
Pogorinsky was a poor horseman and
was too busy keeping up with his
guide to talk. Though the sky was
clear, the air was simply chill. Higher
where it was taller, there were
larches and spruceous firs.

When it began to grow dark, they
camped. Masha built a fire and prepared
a stew from some withered
pieces of chicken.

"In wondering whether you'll be
happy with my people," said Masha
after they had eaten their fill.

The other knew him a general.

ATENTION, please. All church-membership dues. One of you served通知 a message. It's the newest underground tunnel from the American White House to the Peasant House. It is supposed to have been built during the War of 1862. Great War legend had it offering opportunity in a plot to kidnap President Lincoln. However, the White House was repaired recently and not a trace of the tunnel has been discovered. FBI agents are now reported to be riding around in tighter and tighter circles trying to think of ways and means of exposing subversives with a semi-army.

pleased at the thought. "Or whether they'll be happy about the arrangement."

But the Julianne shock has had "Don't think my socialist Commissar will worry them much."

"You may be surprised," commented Paganini sharply.

Macha lit cigarette and held cigarette towards his new companion. "Anyone may be surprised."

"You do yourself well," observed Paganini, examining the ascetic he took. "I have to be content with Black Sea tobacco."

"My horses drink good water there days."

"Yours better," thundered the outraged Paganini, bawling to his feet. "The people's horses, you mean."

"Mine," corrected Macha, more quietly but with no much indignation.

"Are we still in the Soviet Union or not? You know because of your horses drinking tricks but I didn't expect you to admit them."

"You were glad of our country when the Germans attacked Russia."

"That doesn't excuse you living like a crowd of little capitalists."

"The last Commissar owned his own string, it seemed like progress," said Macha slyly.

He'd have done better later this morning. Now like him and like you are enemies of the people."

"I think, Comrade, that you'd better wait until you've been with us a while before you form too many opinions."

Paganini sat down again suddenly aware that he would be alone with the gods for many hours. And those people were known for their rage.

He used, like belligerently. "You must admit that we've made things better for you here."

Macha nodded without bitterness. "And we've worked hard at being good Communists."

"That I doubt. The horses—"

"Are something different altogether," believed Macha.

After that, neither man made any attempt to continue the conversation. They smoked and stared at the keep-ing horses until they were ready to sleep.

+ + +

Next day, they started off after a pre-breakfast breakfast. The Commissar, his back sore and his legs, chafed raw on the saddle, trudged forward over his horse's neck.

"This," he reflected lamely, "is one argument in favour of using the local

chairs in official posts."

He was more than surprised when Macha gave him a friendly smile and began talking about his son who was with the Red Army in Berlin. From then, he went on in envoys about the new school that had been built in his town.

Paganini let him ramble over for a while, then began to ask serious questions about various matters that interested him.

Machka had been very courteous, yet much more determined than he seemed at though the inhabitants of the village accepted as much of Communism as could stand and reluctantly ignored those regulations which could displease them.

Certainly, they had fought well in the war, but they were fighters by nature and even to the time of the German invasion, there had been periodic flare-ups of skirmishing in those mountains. But now, like other Russians, they had dedicated themselves to the State. Dedicated themselves—but not their horses.

"Has no one ever thought of building a road through here?" asked Paganini.

Macha stared at him, slowly smiling. "What an earth find. We can only scratch journey for us."

"Perhaps, Comrade," mused Paganini, his temper rising a little, "you like being isolated from the rest of us—living where a car can't drive nor a plane land."

Instead of an answer, he was offered a cigarette.

Though they pressed the pace hard, there was little talk of the day by the time they reached their destination. The township, the largest in the district, sprawled widely over the only level ground they had seen. Its buildings were mostly wooden and small.

They were not outside it by a garrison, a sturdy fellow in a

grubby white, unshaven blouse.

"Hello, Sarge!" cried Machka and pointed to Paganini. "This is our new Commissar."

"Don't like his looks," decided the man in a high, indignant voice. "Don't like foreigners." And with that, he went off past them, muttering.

"Pay no attention to Sarge," checked the guide. "He's a little touched, but harmless."

As they strolled into a narrow street, doors opened and people, mostly women, hastened to close all the windows with saloon-type

"Your place is open there," said Machka, poking his head towards the mouth of a side street. "But tonight, you can stay with us."

"Thank them after I've washed and changed," declared Paganini, "I will tell a meeting."

"They'll have to wait, Comrade. There'll be dancing after supper, and drinking."

Paganini, Paganini suppressed a smile. "I appreciate their wanting to welcome me, but there are more important things."

Macha laughed. "It's not for you to be because of the horses. We'll be returning to Moscow and we always celebrate similar luck."

"So," thought Paganini, "you're going to play your game as if I won't hear." Aloud he said, "You'll all spare time for the meeting?"

"If you insist, Comrade—but you'll be the most unpopular Commissar we ever had if you start off like this. Our ways are old ways, but good."

They trudged on and demonstrated inside the first, and main, room of the house, two women—the one middle-aged and matronish and the other slender and pretty—brushed back against the far wall.

The younger one was the first to venture nearer to Paganini. Machka made the introduction shortly. "This

"Tania, my son's wife; she's a foreigner like yourself, but good." "Do you like it here?" Paganini wanted to know.

"I'd never leave."

Her eyes, he noticed, were neither frightened nor very new and he was aware of a peculiar warmth running down through his body. Perhaps, after all his exposure in the mountains might prove interesting in more ways than one.

"Mind the leaf!" interrupted the older woman.

"Very much," replied the Commissar, but he said it to the girl. Later, after he had changed into a clean, grey business suit, he continued to direct most of his remarks at Tania.

Cheered by the road and by the company of the girl, the Commissar made no further mention of an immediate meeting. Instead, he commented readily when Mascha suggested, "Let's go to the dancing."

The four were among the last to arrive, in what was called the square but was really only a widening of the main street; a fire had been lit and around it stood old men and children, young mothers and a few old youths. One man wore the uniform of a cavalry officer. An accordion was played by a second soldier.

With an excited yell, Mascha ran out her wife and pressed off with her.

"My heart's a factory," said Paganini to Tania. "And anyway, I'd rather talk to you."

"Sit down there then," she instructed, pointing to a log, one of several that were meant for benches. "I'll bring wine."

She returned quickly; for an instant they chatted glibly, between sips from the bottle. The wine loosened his tongue.

"You're an intelligent girl—not one of them—." He posture swept the square. "We should stick together,

we two. It'll be a perfect fit."

She squirmed closer to him until their bodies touched. "What could you want from me?"

He growled at her, then became serious. "You know what goes on here—realise what I'm up against."

She said in a low voice, "Don't be in too much of a hurry here, if there are things that seem mysterious, do what your professors have done and look the other way."

He sniffed. "You're talking about the home front."

"Yes." She bit her lip and went on almost pleadingly, "I can tell what you are, Comrade—have you't reason. But if you start off with a book of regulations on your hand it'll only harm everyone."

"What exactly are you reading off?"

"It'll be frank. Instead of going up in the air about these bourgeois habits, talk to them sensibly and arrange a compromise between their interests and those of the State."

"What sort of compromise?" he demanded.

"Based on a dozen of State experiments, they're ready for that but for us now yet." She hurriedly then hastened on, "This now provides some of the best segments in the army. Make your changes slowly and the young men who are away now will do the rest when their turn comes. But get the labour against you and it will be a different story. The old soldiers here would come back and you'd have a nasty little lot and that could emphasise everyone's feelings—as at the Tauro and most recently the Germans."

"Nonsense," snapped Paganini. "I was sent here to put things in order and I shall."

Suddenly she snatched and cracked his hand. "Why should I worry about it—especially on a night like this?"

Paganini had often heard that note in a woman's voice and it always



A WORD OF ADVICE TO
WENCHES WHO
COULDN'T CARE LESS

People, be wary of Capo
and absorb the fire of the
sun—
To let a fool like you in
is stupid,
To let a king feel you in
is worse."

That jolly faced and amaz-
ing-forgetful post, AHON,
is a perennial need

They sprung apart as a voice called loudly, "Comrade Poniatowski!"

They looked under the raised horse's belly. Advancing from the north of the square was a group of men, led by Mincha.

"My God! I hope we shouldn't have disturbed her."

Tomsa quietly watched the arrival "Haha," she hissed. "It'll only be dangerous for the few minutes while those tempers are hot. After that, they'll realize what it means to have a Commissar."

Poniatowski stayed without comment. He walked with surprising agility on to the horse's back and kicked back violently into its flanks.

Tomsa watched him get off. She wondered whether she would hear his screams as he went over the three hundred foot drop which he didn't know was at the end of that dark street. He wouldn't know it; he wouldn't know where to turn off the sidewalk to meet the fall.

He walked to meet the fall.

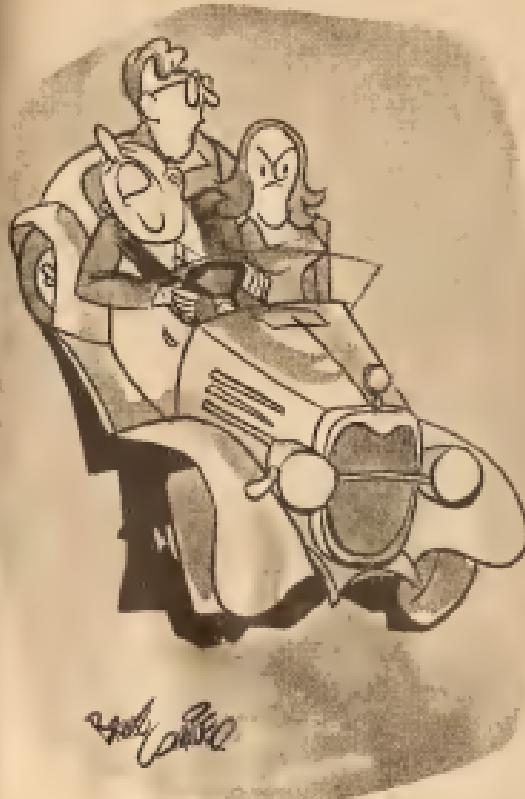
Mincha asked, "Who's that the Com-

missar?" I thought he wanted a marking."

"He decided not to run your buck," she added, taking his arm.

As they started back to the square, she knew that she had done the only thing. These Bolsheviks would have to accept Commissars . . . they might grumble bitterly for a while, but soon no members would overview them in the end and they would obey the changes. Other authorities would come and enforce the law, but these wouldn't mind. By that time, this year's election would be over . . . and she was the one that interested 'em. For Mincha had promised her profits from it if Tomsa and the son who was with the Red Army in Berlin.

But she knew that the Commissar would scream as he fell over the cliff at the road's end.



"For Pata's sake, who's driving, you or your mother?"

about the same thing. He thought Why not?

He said "You've been alone a long time, haven't you?"

"Too long." She was breathing heavily now.

For a while, they whispered together. The darkness around the fire showed no signs of tedium. And that suited the Commissar. To-morrow, he would be the good citizen with all the authority of the State behind him. To-night, he would be Poniatowski, the man.

"Let's skip away."

"All right."

She led him, not back the way they had come, but towards the other end of the square. In the gloomy part they entered, several horses had been harnessed to a long rail. She pulled him in between two of them.

"Now say a little here, I'm patient," she whispered.

Assured, he obliged, thinking she'll be themselves, that one."

Once, he tried to remove her arms from around his neck, but she held on determinedly.

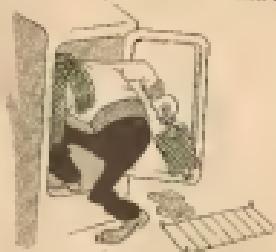
HOME HINTS

SOME UNCALLED-FOR ADVICE
BY UNCLE GIBBY



If your gas meter refuses to give with the gas you have four afternoons during the Gas Co pay for a plumber you don't need.

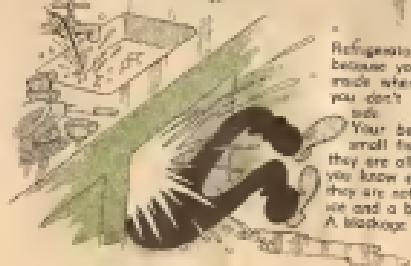
Take around with it in your spare time ... or give it a quick kick on the foot.



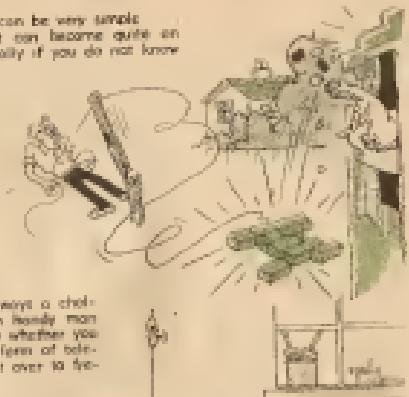
Refrigerators are difficult to repair because you can't tell when goes on inside when you close the door. If you don't wish to lock yourself inside.

Your best plan is to procure a small fish and a penguin. If they are off right after a day or two you know everything is okay ... if they are not ... settle for a block of ice and a butter cooler.

A blockage in the sink is child's play to the man who knows just where to look for the seat of the trouble.



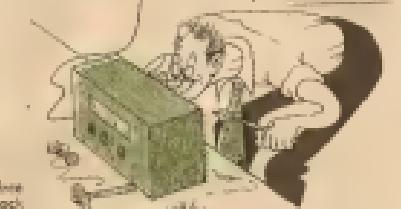
Using a clothes line can be very simple ... on the other hand it can become quite an adventure ... especially if you do not know your own strength.



Broken radios are always a challenge to the modern family man ... you never know whether you will discover a new form of television ... change it over to frequency modulation.



Or get yourself a free dose of therapeutic shock treatment.



STRANGER and Stranger

SUPER-BABY . . .

Guitar, you ever-loving mother, here's a super-spoiled baby for you! Pauline Suzanne Alexander, daughter of Mr and Mrs Eric Alexander, of Middlesbrough (England) has been born with two lower front teeth . . . thus accomplishing a feat performed by only one in 10,000 babies. Records made by Fisher's estimated parents reveal that her two teeth are perfect milk-teeth.

AERONAUTIC . . .

The first plane has landed on the top of 24,000-foot Mount Barrow (U.S.). First was anticipated by Lieutenant John Hodgson, 28-year-old USAF flyer, who has an obsession for mountain landings. Reported Lieutenant Hodgson in his return: "Landing was easy, but the take-off was bad. I pushed the plane off the top of Barrow, hopped it and swooped, older-fashion, down to a frozen mountain lake at the 8,000-foot level. Then I stayed the night. Next morning, I retacked with air-chopped gasoline took off on this and landed on a snow-covered strip at Spenser's dome." Back for three hours immediately disengaged him with compensation for "disturbing the lives of National Park Rangers who had elected to raise Lieutenant Hodgson and found he wasn't there."



TACTFUL TOUCH . . .

Fall of the milk of human kindness, the Mayor of San Antonio, Texas, has shut down a local cafe because the waitress in the nearby jail had complained that the owner's chivalrous ways were disturbing them in the middle of the night. Which possibly inspired the proclamation of Mexico City's South Circular to an even more bizarre nickname. After a pre-garrison of belligerency with traffic offenders had failed, the constabulary announced sternly: "We have tried all we know, including repeated warnings. Now all we can do is enforce the law."

SPINSTER . . .

English novelist Enid Blyton has just finished a book 80,000 words long

and it took her exactly five days to write the tome. Asked how she managed this miracle, Miss Blyton replied: "Oh, I just started at 9:00 in the morning, took an hour off for lunch, and so I could easily write 16,000 words by the evening. Really, I don't have to think—just all comes welling up." Which was probably the method also employed by the two thousand and eighty poets who competed for a £2000 prize offered by the British Arts Council. Their manuscripts totalled 150,000 lines of verse.



"Not a bad hand, pal, but I have something here that will beat it!"



take a television test

Television... It's in the air. And in many homes more than once... no not more than a slight moon. As a matter of fact, they wouldn't mind at all. Despite the hullabaloo about video cutting into movie, Hollywood's of moviedom and his camera and his... it... well... er and his how relativity... blisters are puffed. Phyllis Applegate watches Paul Shaffer.

And now it's Phyllis Applegate's turn. Pardon us if we're mistaken, but evening showmen Nels T. Granlund (who conducts the weekly television talent hunt) seems to look distinctly impressed. And we can't say that we blame him either.

And then... oh-oh... it's all over. The girls have been viewed and found pleasant by Master Granlund's eagle (or something) eye. Now they can settle down to a little primping up before the show.



So there you are.... now the show may go on... and HOW? Phylicia and Pettit are still waiting their cue, but there's no doubtin' that this trio will provide them with some competition. That's James Coburn, Linda Cristal and Nancy Lee, just waitin' to start the ball rolling. By the way, it may be worth mentionin' that, after the show, Paramount signed up Ferrell, while 20th Century Fox went for Linda and Nancy. If there's a talent contest in the house, we'd like to be tested too, please.



A PINCH OF SALT

Modern society creates millions afflicted with high blood pressure, heart and kidney troubles to dash salt-free diets, because salt is a trouble-maker in these conditions. Most, even cheese, fish and other foods which contain large amounts of sodium are forbids, a except sporadically. According to Dr George G. Ormsbee of New York City, however, this authority is unnecessary. He claims that the salt can be taken from the forbidden foods by baking. There is no loss of nutritive value. He maintains that baking reduces these foods made by cutting the sodium content down 15 to 20 per cent of the original amount.

ULCERS

A new drug claimed to "bring relief and ultimate freedom" from peptic ulcers has been introduced in the United States. Called "Ketrol" and administered by the mouth, the drug is claimed to heal ulcers within a matter of weeks. Investigators told of 16 ulcer patients who failed to respond after 12 weeks of conventional treatment. Fifteen of these patients, however, became symptom-free in four to six weeks' treatment of the drug. In another study, seven patients failing to respond after 14

weeks of conventional treatment were free three or four weeks after taking the drug.

CANCER CLUB

Cancer patients constantly wear that pesky as a symptom of early cancer. By the time pain is felt, cancer is usually far advanced. Other signs are more important to heed. "Disturbances of nutrition" are often the earliest clue. Of course, the phrase "disturbances of nutrition" covers a wide range. At one end of the scale may be feelings of extreme discomfort very akin to pain. At the other are vague, floating feelings of "heaviness," "pressing," "tightness." Any feeling of discomfort which lasts more than a few weeks (and always in the same place) must be regarded with suspicion.

BABY CHILDREATH

A new electrical device to reduce the risks of childbirth has been developed at Columbia University (U.S.). The machine will determine whether the labor is to be normal or abnormal and whether the pains are positive labour pains. Tests on more than 200 patients have shown that the electrical patterns produced during normal labour differ considerably from those produced by abnormal labour.

A case for Sherlock Holmes

The crime bore all the hall-marks of Jack the Ripper, except for the one fact that the victims were cattle.

L. W. BREWING



AT the start of the century, something happened in Staffordshire, England, which bore all the hall-marks of a Jack the Ripper—except that the victims were cattle! It was a case anomalous in many ways . . . and not the least was the intervention of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes.

Between February and August, 1893, around the village of Great Wyrley (about twenty miles from Birmingham), horses, cows, sheep and goats were being killed by some un-

port known who had all the proportion of a will of the wisp.

During that period there was also an anonymous letter in all directions, presumably written by the anti-killer. These usually advised a young lawyer named George Edalji, the son of the local vicar.

The vicar was black; George was a half-caste. His father had been born a Peasant in India but had come to England, entered the church, married an Englishwoman, Charlotte Stannard. George was his eldest son

and aged a meagre twenty-seven.

The killer of the animals and the author of the letter thoroughly scared the countryside. One of the others wrote, "There will be noisy times at Wyrley or Newcastle, when the young start an little girls."

A searching search of premises was conducted in the district, led by the Chief Constable and Inspector Campbell. All believed that George Edalji was the guilty person.

The letters were signed by the name "Goonlara". There was a boy of that name attending the local school, but it was soon proved he had nothing to do with the notes.

The letters and the malicious pranks went on for many years.

The Chief Constable of Staffordshire, Captain the Hon. George Alexander Astor, was convinced that all the trouble was caused not by young George Edalji. So he posted about a score of police round the village in the hope of catching young George in the act of skinning up another horse's carcass.

This was the situation on the night of August 11, which began clear but blustery, and later, about midnight, became very wet.

The next morning, at about 4:30, a youth named Garrett found a dying pig pony which had been slit along the spine, long, shallow wound which did not penetrate to the gut but caused great loss of blood. The animal was a long way from the village . . . across policies, lanes, through thick hedges and across difficult ground in pitch dark and rain.

Yet Inspector Campbell went alone immediately to the vicarage to arrest George. George, however, had left home for his office in Birmingham. Later the vicar made a sworn statement of what happened.

"On August 11, 1893, they [the police] called at the vicarage at

about eight o'clock in the morning, and Mrs. Edalji showed them a number of garments belonging to her son. As soon as they saw the old coat they knew to examine it, and Inspector Campbell put his finger on one of the stains and said that there was a horse there. Mrs. Edalji told him it was not a horse, but a sheep, and Miss Edalji, who was present, then remarked that it looked like a 'wren'. (Meaning a sheep). This was all that happened. Campbell had said to them about hairs before I came down. When I saw him, he told me that he had found horse hairs upon the coat. I asked him to point out the places where the hairs were to be seen. He pointed out the lower part of the coat and said, 'There is a horse hair there.' I examined the place and said, 'There is no horse hair of all.' Some further examination followed, then suddenly he put his finger upon another place on the coat and drew two straight lines with his finger.

"He said, 'Look here, Mr. Edalji, there is horse hair here.' I looked at the place for a moment and, in order to have more light upon it I took up the coat and held my hands and drew nearer to the window, and after carefully examining it, I said to him, 'There is, to be sure, no horse hair here. It is a clean surface!'"

It did not stay clean, however. Late the Inspector wrangled the coat up in a bundle containing a piece of cloth cut from the dead horse and—wonder of wonders—an expert later found horse hair on it!

The Inspector also said the coat was damp. The Edaljis denied this and said George had not worn the coat for days. The Inspector took the coat away, also a pair of blue serge trousers stained with black mud, a pair of George's boots and a sort of cover which they said were blood-

stained . . . something else which showed evidence failed to prove.

Neither were any of the cases on the road proved to be blood, while the rest in the vicinity of the killed horse were followed red.

Yet George Doyle was arrested the same day. He accounted for his movements the night before by saying "I returned home to the witness from my office at half-past six in the evening. I transacted some business at home. Then I walked along the main road to the bootmaker at Bridgwater and got there a little later than half past eight. I was then wearing a blue serge coat." (Confirmed by John Head, the bootmaker. The coat "with the hems on it" was not blue serge.) "My supper wouldn't be ready until half-past nine. So I walked round for a while. Several persons must have seen me. It had been raining during the day, though it was not raining then" (There was blood on the road). "I returned to the witness at half-past nine. I had supper and went to bed. I slept in the same bedroom as my father, and I have been sleeping there for seventeen years. I did not leave that bedroom until twenty minutes to seven on the following morning."

His father, who spent a sleepless, restless night with herbs substituted for man's statement.

While George was at trial awaiting trial, more cattle were murdered. The police "explored" that by asking some other members of the crew did fail to draw suspicion off George.

George stood his trial on October 20, 1932, before a country justice who knew so little about the law that he had to have a lawyer to assist him.

The case, as presented to the jury, was that George had committed the crime between two and three o'clock in the morning.

Now this would be a task worthy

of Holmes. As Conan Doyle later proved, George suffered badly from astigmatism, was half-blind. He could have had to draw a section of twenty miles, walk self-sacrifice over rough country in hunting men, pass through hedges, cross the fenced railway line, do his dark deed and return home by another route, pass through fields and hedges and ditch—end again slinking through the darkness of police.

Fraud evidence was produced by a constable who said he accompanied Englefield near the scene of the crime with a dog of Genghis, he had not made a plaster cast, but had taken measurements with a piece of straw! A handwriting expert, Mr. Thomas Gurrus (who had already helped send the innocent Adolf Hitler to prison with his "expert" testimony) said that George had written the letters accurately himself.

A forensics jury found George guilty; the judge sentenced him seven years.

But the men of England were not so one-eyed. George was an innocent yet the letters and the cattle-murders went on. A petition was signed by ten thousand people, including several hundred lawyers. It had no effect. After three years, newspapers took up the case again.

Suddenly George was released. No explanation was given. He asked Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to help clear his name—and Doyle went to work. Between the December of 1934 and the August of 1935 he never let up.

On January 21, 1935, the London Daily Telegraph published the first installment of his 11,000 word statement "The Case of Mr. George Doyle."

In this statement Conan Doyle ripped to shreds the evidence against George.

It was a top sensation, with great

alarm lighting for Doyle. The Home Secretary was at last forced to appoint a Commission of Enquiry.

Immediately Doyle began to get many letters from the anonymous writer. From these and other evidence—quite conclusive, but presumably not for a court of law—Conan Doyle named two brothers who the anonymous wrote the letters and carried out the crimes.

So convincing was he that the Commission decided that George, Ridgway was wrongly convicted of homicide.

George was set free, but he had not proved he was not the writer of the anonymous letters. He was granted a free pension but denied any compensation.

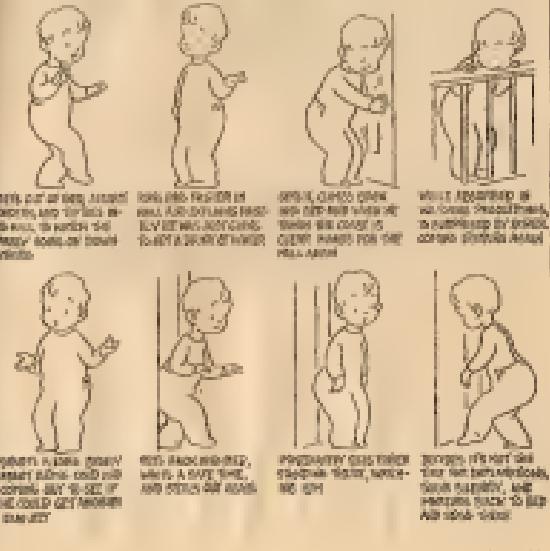
Doyle charged into battle again. The authorities refused to take the matter up. The affair was closed.

Gilbert and Sullivan wouldn't have thought up a better drama.

And the murders and letter-writing went on occasionally up to the year 1938.

EXPLANATIONS

By CLIFFORD WILLIAMS





CLEM LACK

When Stockwhips won from Shearblades

The Chinese shepherds thought "white places" money as dirty. Black Tommy had different ideas.

TOMMY, 18-year-old son of "King"

Blackie, an hardened chiel, knew trouble was brewing among the yellow men who had come over the Big Water to shear sheep for the white bosses—the Leathers—on Canning Downs Station. He discounted the strange men who were there, hair in tails and whiskers in single-crop talk that was not even Blackie's native padge. Ah Sam, the Chinese headman, he liked the look of all. Several times Tommy noticed Ah Sam whispering

to his compatriots and knowing at the white houses.

Tommy had tried to warn the overseer, Bush May, that something was about, but the white boss had only called him "plenty big fool."

The Chinese had been employed on Canning Downs and other stations on the Darling Downs and Northern New South Wales, as shepherds and sheepherds, to replace the white men who had deserted the solid work of the sheep stations for the easier pickings.

— the gold diggings in Victoria. Agents had been engaged in Goolong and other Chinese ports to offer Chinese a two-year's agreement at rates ranging up to £112 a year and keep the question paying the passage out of Australia.

The result was that in 1888 there were as many as 60 Chinese on the working Downs and Northern Rivers of New South Wales, engaged in sheepherding and shearing over than 20,000 sheep.

The Chinese took readily to the herding tasks until they discovered that they were being paid much less than the white men who had replaced them. Serious unrest developed on all the stations. Canning Downs became a storm centre.

Tommy wondered why the white bosses were so blind that they could not see that the yellow men were resentful and plotting revenge. He kept watch.

Early behind some bushes he watched a dozen Chinese break into the store and seize all the "tucker" and vegetables they could find. Others broke the lock of the woodshed door and entered.

Tommy was puzzled. Either the Chinese were hiding in the shed to spring an attack at daylight or they were going to lay themselves in and refuse to work until they were given more money. The stockmen in their quarters and the people on the big house several hundred yards away were too far distant to hear any sound. He was afraid he might get into trouble if he awakened the white bosses in the middle of the night.

Just after "pleasantry daylight" he saw Goomera May walk across from the homestead to the meat store. Through the half-open door Tommy

could see May hacking off a side of a slaughtered bullock and laying it on the block for chopping. At the same time he noticed the door in the weather board curiously opened as more Chinese than he could count on the fingers of his two hands crawled out one after the other. He saw them dragging underneath their loose blue jackets wicked-looking daggers which they had made by breaking the sheath-blades at the centre joint.

As the Chinese crept towards the door of the meat store, Tommy ran silently to his tent and, clutching his nulla nulla, ran straitly behind them. The Chinese burst through the door of the meat store, Ah Sam in the lead. Plucking the sheath-blade daggers from under their blouses, they brandished them threateningly at the startled May, pattering suddenly in Cantonese. May leaped to the other side of the butcher's block and stood poised, letting the butcher's cleaver in his hand.

"Clear out! I'll curse ye into stink!" yelled May.

The Chinese backed hasty away from the dining end of the doorway. In rushed Tommy, armed with his nulla nulla.

Taken in the rear, the Chinese yelled in dismay. Amid screams of "Wahfuh!" they jostled with each other in straits through the door, while Tommy bashed each pig-faced head with imperial fury. In a few seconds a row of stunned Chinese were sprawled on the floor, while Tommy, snatching others by the partial, disengaged them out of the store.

A few minutes later, the Chinese opened their eyes to observe with delight that May and Tommy were standing over them. The white men were armed with a stockwhip. Tommy laid his nulla nulla

"Get on your feet!" roared Big, looking them with his stocktop.

Shouting became silent, the Chinese stumbled towards the wall-stone. Big followed them up reluctantly, kicking them on the buttocks.

The yellow man broke into a run. A total of Chinese were grieved them from the woodstock. They ranied ranks and the doors were slammed shut.

Big turned to the expectant Tommy. "You catch me two Major Little Tell 'we Chinese 't make plenty trouble!"

"Yow! Gosh, how we Chinese plenty plenty quick you took?" Tommy leaped across the big paddock.

Leisure soon had the stockmen handling one of their beds. Boxes were unslid and trashed, and the mounted party, numbering about a dozen, all armed with stocktops and leathered Gols, galloped over toward the woodstock.

On the way they met Big.

"They've barricaded themselves in the wood store," he said. "They'll stop in there unless we see think 'em."

"If they've got tickers in there, they'll stop until they're starved yet!" Leisure replied.

Big stopped his thurb. "I know how we can drive them away. If I ride over there on my own, they're sure to make a rush for me. Ride behind that stamp of pine trees and when I set them out in the open, cut them off from the trees."

Leisure nodded agreement. He however halted behind some trees about thirty yards to the right of the wood store and hidden from the view of any whochun who might be passing through the cracks in the slab walls in front. Big quickly rode on ahead until he reached a spot within a few yards of the store. He then halted his horse, as if undecided what to do. The arrived promptly put his head down to nibble

The noise subsided. The door opened and a rolling mob of Chinese rushed towards the lone rider. The horse shied, nearly unseating Big but he turned its head around with a jerk of the reins and scattered all, with the Chinese in hot pursuit.

They were well away from the protection of the store when the numbered horsemen charged. Shouting and cracking their whips like pistol shots in the crisp morning air, the stockmen behaved as if they were on a perch. They scattered the numbered Chinese in all directions. Leisure found the criminals near the village Tommy waving his stock top.

The gathered stockmen rounded up the refugees like a mob of unpeeling stems. Tommy bounded after Ah Sun, seized his flying partner and jerked the Chinese off his feet.

The momentum of his charge was so great that he fell on top of Ah Sun. He then sat on the pale-faced Chinese until a stockmen took charge of the parched prisoner. His hands bound behind him, Ah Sun trudged roundly into captivity.

The rest of his captives were shepherded along the dusty road to Warwick where they were handed over to a waiting police sergeant.

The sergeant had every reason to rejoice. There were only two cells. He solved the problem by putting Ah Sun and two of his cronies into the cells and leg-irrigate the rest in the rear of the police yard.

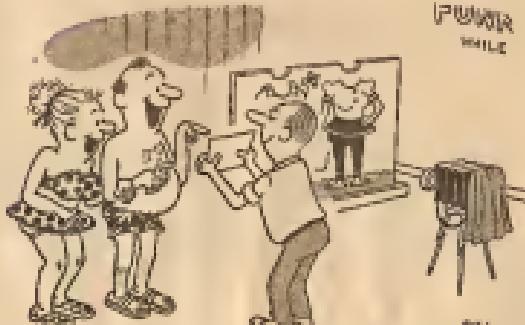
Next day, Ah Sun, as ring-leader, was selected three rounds' deal with hard labour which he worked out on the sergeant's woodwork. The other Chinese, voluntarily present, were ordered back to the station to finish their sentence.

They gave no further trouble—but they undidled their queues by immediately departing for the gold-fields as soon as their indifferences had exploded.

FUNNY FOTOS WHILE-U-WAIT



PUNK WHILE



SOUL ARRANGEMENT

The Home of Today No. 150



FLOOR PLAN

designed

compact and roomy

Passages and halls of houses are considered nowadays in these times of high prices as waste space. By a streamlined arrangement of rooms, however, passages can be reduced to a minimum. On the other hand, by widening the passages and giving it a glass well, a very useful area can be created.

Here the gallery, instead of forming a dark connecting corridor between living and sleeping sections has been transformed into a secondary living area for informal family activities. The paving of the outdoor terrace continues indoors as a floor for the gallery. In summer when the glass doors are thrown open, the gallery virtually forms a shaded aisle to the terrace.

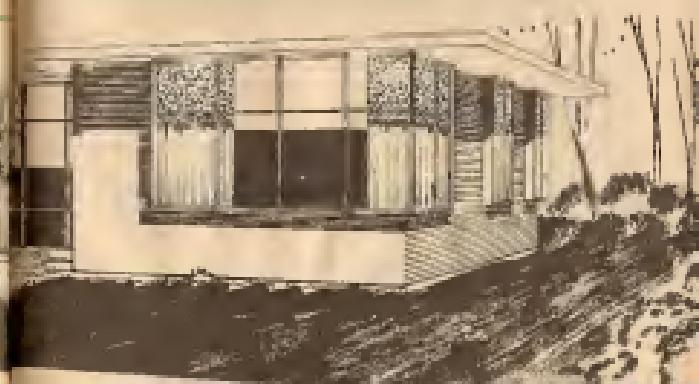
Built of brick, the house has a flat concrete roof with very wide eaves. The large windows are thus protected from the direct rays of the summer sun.

The three bedrooms are grouped around a short passage which also gives access to the bathroom with its built-in separate shower. Kitchen and laundry are grouped together and the house can be entered from the rear without traversing the kitchen.

The fireplace, putting out at right angles from the walls, forms a division between living and dining rooms.

Space seems quite abundant in spite of the compactness of the room arrangement.

by Warwick Kells



POLICEMEN ON A POWDER KEG



The Palestine Police had no time for adventuring...
and rough and courageous chaps above that grim faced

NOT long ago, as the trees sang, I sat in a cafe in Jerusalem with Jimmy Moore. It had been one of those unforgettable meetings which happened so often during the war years. When we were kids, we had belonged to the same surf club. Then Jimmy had gone off adventuring, chasing the sun—and now, grim and dark, we had bumped into each other in the shadow of the Last Gasp. He was lower, harder-looking than

I had remembered him. Somehow it seemed as if he were strong at a thin wire of tension. Even so, he looked amateur and raw suddenly in the dark blues and pinkish glow of the Palestine Police than I did in my faded khaki drill. He stared me in a little half-frightened way which formed an oasis of light in the gloom of the Jewish Sabbath.

I remember how he sat with his

elbow to the wall as we talked the darkness down—never quite relaxing, looking now at me, now at the bar. There were others in the cafe—a couple of Australian drivers four drivers, round all their gear piled in a table), two Scotchmen (still in their winter weight). The proprietor was a nervous type, also given to over-thinking.

Some sort of commotion started outside in the street.

And it wasn't a jolly sound. I caught a glimpse of long, white hands under sailor caps.

"The Old Guard," snarled Jimmy. "The Walking Wall boys. They're objecting to us desecrating the Sabbath. They're—Look out! Down!"

I saw it come out of the darkness and clatter down the steps—something about the size of a bull-beef tin. It had a tail which glowed like the end of a cigarette. The Aussies and two of the Tommies—old hands who knew when not to ask questions—followed as to the floor. The others turned rapidly, passed spread.

The air suddenly swarmed full of flying razor-blades of glass.

We scurried to our feet. The whole front of the shop had been blown in. One of the Scotchmen jolted back on what was left of the steps, his life purpled out through his matted mullet hair. The other raised a shattered arm. The feet of another body protruded from the wreath of a shower.

I followed Jimmy into the street. What had I in the distance, but around us everything was ominously still. The inhabitants of Jerusalem have learned not to be curious.

Then I heard Jimmy's voice barking. It was strong, high-pitched, noisy-sounding. "You dogs! You rotters, lousy rotters! Come out in the open like men! Come out where I can see you!"

"That will do, Moors!" The words came from a police officer—a dapper man with two silver pins on his shoulder. "Make your report at headquarters. Make it now, Moors!"

Jimmy put his revolver back into its holster and walked off into the darkness. The Australians turned to see, shrugging apathetically. "He's getting a bit nervous. They got him神经质 last Saturday, and the sergeant took the week before. We can't afford enemies. Like shooting a butterfly with a hammer, eh?"

That was Jerusalem any time between 1936 and 1946—almost city full of mysterious ghosts. Who were these ghosts? You could take your pick from half a dozen sorts of Jews and half a dozen sorts of Arabs. The ghosts warred on themselves and on each other, terrorizing the great majority of the population who were law-abiding Jews and Arabs—but most of all they sought out these natural scamps, the Palestine Police.

When it was turned in 1946 under the British mandate, the Force had a single task—to preserve peace between Jew and Arab. It was like putting a lion and a tiger together in a small cage with a single point of meat, and then sending in an untrained man to see that they behaved themselves.

The men were hard, hand-picked and grim on the trigger. They came from the British Isles, from Australia and New Zealand and Canada and South Africa—and most of them were good clean men and fine officers. A smattering of them got mixed up in shady double-crossing, black-mailing, bribery and the like; others could not resist the temptation to drink in private clubs and factories, and some of these got knifed for their pains. Broadly speaking, however, the Palestine Police were the salt of the earth,

CHEERS UP, YOU SOAPS! An alcohol-beverage containing chloroform can now be made at any time at any place with a glass of plain water and a capsule which a citizen of France obtained. The small capsule has a strong perfume of sugar and blossoms of rose. This strong derivative quickly acts water. The contents—ethyl alcohol, citric acid, an aromatic water and colouring material—can in the water to produce diluted alcohol.

In the early days, when the new Jewish settlements were harassed and menaced with watch-towers, the Jews fought against the Arab brigands.

At the last it found itself arrayed not only against Arab rebels, bandits and robbers, but also against the new Jewish nationalists—the Haganah and the terrorist Stern Gang. But whether he adversary was a hill-born Arab or a European soldier, the Palestine police force was unashamed.

The critics say he was ruthless, but that was not always so. At first he operated—in any British Police Force—on the principle: "Get the evidence, then get your accused, bring him in alive for a few trials." Many policemen died before their friends learned this code in practice to: "When you're sure the rascal's guilty—shoot him."

They learned in a hard school—viewing the corpses of their comrades. There is how some Palestine policemen died:

One, captured by Arab brigands in

a village near Jezreel, was forced naked into a barrel lined with barbed wire, then rolled down a long hill-slope.

Still others were haranguing by their superiors and then forced over to the Arab masses, where long knives inflicted their own viscous tortures.

Yet the police always tried to act the evidence before shooting. What they did if it was a matter of shooting to kill? Some died there, by knife or pistol, others just vanished—but their friends never on.

Constables Mottram, Brooker and Chaffey traded a gang of Arab smugglers. In two months before they arrested them near the village of Tulk, just north of Haifa and within sight of the ancient Crusader castle of Atilbi. In the showdown there were fifty mounted men complete with swords, swinging down a narrow ravine.

The constables threw off their uniforms and stood there in the tradition of the Pioneers. They called three times for the Arabs to lay down their arms, while the brawled mafiks gaped at these impudent ones. Then the Arabs charged. The constables stood their ground at the mass of men and bunched themselves down the ravine. First they opened up with their one rifle, then, as the range shortened, they drew their revolvers.

Twelve men and their horses were killed in that ravine before the rebels broke and ran. The lone police rifle picked off four more as they scrambled up the sides of the cliff. The smogged gun crime evidence in the east were left behind on the backs of pack-maroons. A returning force of police buried Constable Mottram outside Atilbi. A Jewish doctor had that two bullets out of Constable Brooker, he was returned to duty.

In another occasion a constable—who was afterwards to be District superintendent—was posted at a cafe with an Indian when he was attacked by an Arab fugitive. By some oversight the constable had only one round in his revolver.

He knew he could not afford to miss. At close range the assassin shot but got no bullet from his body. The constable acted instinctively. Then the revolver's trigger clicked on an empty chamber. It was what the Indians had been waiting for. He was dead, his own pistol and that the man died.

It was ruthless—but all the members of the Force I ever spoke to continued in a smoking admiration for the wild hill-Arabs. "He's a man and a hero and a lover of law and order—but cleaned if he isn't a man!" one constable told me. "A good a queer kind of Kyle to know that he respects us, too!"

There is no better illustration of the nature of ruthlessness and cynical respect than the story told by Jack Thornton who is now back in New Zealand. For nearly a year he and three other policemen hunted a bandit known as Abdul Ann. There was no question about the evidence: Abdul was a killer. All they had to do was find him—and shoot first.

In Nablus they waited in native customs outside a house in which Abdul's mother lay dying—as poverty and an amateur a trap as was ever laid. Thornton was squatting in the shadow of a house opposite when suddenly the wounded man dropped from the roof before him. Grinning, Abdul placed his pistol on the ground, soon crossed the narrow lane, and entered his mother's house. Thornton later he returned, retrieved the pistol and went, pressing his red, white and green beret-dress into the policeman's hand.

Why did he do this? Did he pick Jack Thornton as a "new chum," less tough than the others, who would have shot him down on sight? Or was it a pledge, as one man to another, that some things are above the normal call of duty?

There was a sequel. Eight months later the same four men had Abdul trapped in a cave on a hillside. For five days and five nights they starved him out. On the sixth day, having fired every bit he reservation and then thrown his surplus rifle and handgun out of the ravine-mouth, he walked out with his hands spread with a constable shot him in the chest. He went down, but as he fell he recognized Jack Thornton who shot:

"He staggered towards me with hands outstretched. Raising to my feet, I began to walk towards him. I wanted to grab his prodded hand, but before I could reach it, Abdul died. A smile crossed his face as his eyes closed and he collapsed, never to rise, with the hand of friendship outstretched. In the moment of death he had not forgotten his dying mother."

The Force is gone now. The original policemen are scattered in the four winds. You will find them in Australia and New Zealand and Canada and South Africa, and back in England. Many of them went to other danger-spots and are there still—
in Hong Kong and Singapore and scattered through Malaya.

Not Jimmy Moore, though. His time was running out when I saw him last. They put him at a road block on the winding highway which runs up past the slopes of Olima. It has never been discovered why he was killed, or whether his murderer was Arab or Jew.

In a way that is a fitting epitaph for the whole Force:



* After considerable experiment, Our Other Wolf has reported that you can't kiss a girl uncooperatively; only sooner than she thought you would. * Courtesy Course Factory is the most restricted form of ownership. * Which probably explains why some people pay you a compliment as if they expected a receipt for it. * Household Hints: People who say they sleep like a baby usually don't have one. * Nothing else that Providence has granted helps to develop a woman's character so much as an unlikely man around the house. * Sporting Section: We heartily nominate Lady Godiva as one of the greatest politicians in the world; after all, she put her everything on a horse.

* I didn't win, but I showed. * Prescribed for Physicians: A specialist is a doctor who has all his patients trained to believe ill during office hours. * Which reminds us to offer our condolences to the psychiatrist who recently advised a patient to base himself in his week... the patient was a connoisseur... far from the Constitution. The palliative will arrive when politicians can be used for benefit of campaign purposes. * Then looking us naturally into the unfinished debate as to whether politicians actually do keep their promises... Of course, they do, they lie them all over for future reference. * Sign of the Times: Mary had a little lamb... which only goes to show how bad she was of the ordinary cold-supper. * Song of the Month: "How Happy Could I Be With You?" * Weather Forecast: It's an ill wind that doesn't blow no pretty faces. * Notice to Bachelor Girls' Plateau: "Chances are your hatted separation, don't be there in six days." * Which reminds us that there was once a man in complete agreement with his wife when their home turned down, they both tried to get out the window at the same time. * Financial News: Money doesn't go away for three days, but it manages to stay away a hell of a long time. * A man owes it to himself to become successful after that he owes it to the Income Tax Department. * How-to-Win-Friends-And-Influence-People Department: Remember that politicians costs nothing; one of the most valuable guys we know is to friendly that he even shakes hands with dogs knobs.

OUR NIGHT STORY: Send me electrons to another electron. "I don't know yet from whom."

KATH KING RACKET BY ROAD



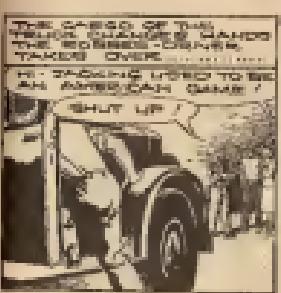
BY
PHIL BELBIN
AND
SYDNEY
OENIGDEN.



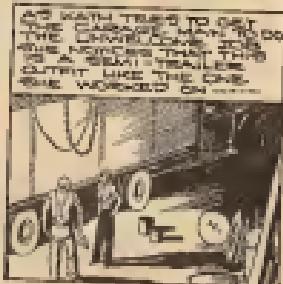
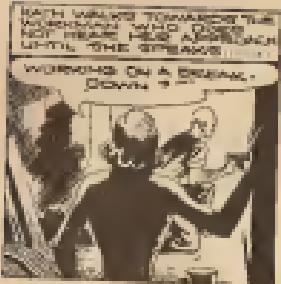
AFTER BEING LEFT FOR A LONG WEEKEND AT HOME, KATE COMES NORTH WITH HER NEW BOYFRIEND, CHARLES BLACK. HE'S GOT A COUPLE OF PECULIAR HABITS...



A NIGHT OUT SPENT IN A SPILLED GASOLINE BATH CAN TURN A PERSONALITY OVERNIGHT AFTER A WICKED RIDE...

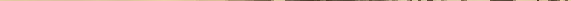
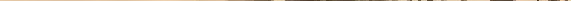
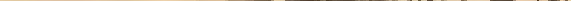








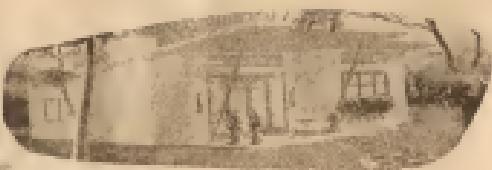
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ICE TRAP

RUSSELL W. LACE

* FICTION

UP AT BEAVER CREEK, THE BOYS SAT AND HATTERED BY THE HOUR ABOUT THE SWEDE. CHARLIE AND SMOKEY HAD FOUND FROZEN STIFF.

TWENTY found the Swede nearly wrapped up in a coil of ice at the edge of a lonely little stream a hundred miles below the Yukon.

Charlie and Smokey Joe ran on by accident on the way back to Beaver Creek after wintering at Fort Yukon. Beaver Creek dogmen still were to hell-and-gone lost in the wilderness but at least there was a trail running in it, such as it was, and men had scouted the territory round about. They made it civilized, not quite different from the Swede's primitive starting place. Charlie and Smokey were interested in primitive areas where nobody had been before. As Charlie always said, you never know where you'll find a strike. They peg up in the deepest places.

With these thoughts and purposes in mind they shovelled their dog team into the wild country and had a rough time of it getting through.

Floating down a meandering creek late one day, Charlie and Smokey Joe pulled over in the lee of an overhanging bluff to get out of the icy wind that howled unmercifully upon them from the northeast. Charlie went to gather firewood and Smokey unloaded stuff from the sled and took care of the dogs. It was getting pretty dark. The ice on the creek was covered with barnacles like



No matter which way they looked, the dead Swede was still staring at them.

white geese shrieking above and they built their fire between a low one at the edge of the bank and the protecting bluff. When the fire got poor and began to push back the shadows, they saw the Swede.

"Leave that!" said Charlie, pointing to the mound of forty ate. "There's a man, or I'm the ninth end of a mountain."

Smokey came over and patted him down, "Me too," said Smokey.

The grisly thing was looking right at them, lying on its side with blue eyes wide open.

"Jackson he's dead," said Smokey. That fact, being self-evident, required no answer and Charlie let it go at that. They sat down side by side and regarded the thing. He had been a big man with heavy shoulders and body, and legs like tree trunks.

They called him the Swede because he looked like a Swede. Big Old, down at Beaver Creek, was a Swede and looked something like this. His hair-wrapped-in hair and eyes like skin pitch and a big nose. So they called him the Swede and the Swede he became and forever after was regardless of his ancestry in a prior state when he walked among the living. Charlie and Smokey Joe sat there ruminating with the pleasant heat of the fire warming their backs, speculating idly on who he was and how come he had ventured way off here and by what means he got dead.

Charlie and Smokey had seen death before, both violent and natural.

and, how ever had they been subjected to such a hideous torture by a disguised person. No mention was ever they turned those blots over in. After supper they took the skin and rolled down the meat a ways and let the Beads stay at something else.

In the morning however they awoke back and dragged him out of the tent and hauled him onto the sled. It was still dark on the day to Beaver Creek and all the way down the Beads just kept looking. A thought goes out in a fellow's mind after a day or so of it. Charlie and Stanley got to wishing they had left home to be see over what they found here. By the time they got to Beaver Creek they reported over having seen him at all; it just occurred to them they would have to bury the carcass, unless they could talk someone else into it which was unlikely, and the ground was frozen solid.

Some enough, the men at the dog-sleds came out in force to see the Beads and to stand around wondering but when it came to the question of putting him into the ground, they avoided their hands of it. Fortunately of course, it being winter and when across Charlie and Stanley Joe hauled two dogs up on the hill building fires and digging, and building fires and digging until they scraped out a hole big enough to hold him.

Then they came down to Poco Flory's Residential School and sniped up to the bar, saying that in the future the entire population of Alaska, present and to come, could look off and pale up from sleep, and Charlie and Stanley would let them know. All they got out of carting the carcass to camp was considerable hard labor. The pockets of the Beads had produced nothing, absolutely nothing.

not even a jacket. Even the robe they found buried in the ice rarely wouldn't catch fire any more. When they got him down to camp they threw out the gun and fired upon the lever and found a spent shell in the chamber. The big leverman had shot himself right between the eyes and blown a piece out of the back of his head.

Charlie was disgusted and Stanley was disgusted too. Not only had they passed nothing of extreme value, but also had received no payment yet from the men of Beaver Creek, not even the dubious reward offered at their previous while sleeping on the hill. Except Big Oaf, who hollered up for a last look in that shovelled claim of dirt he had on. Big Oaf was no company at all, in any sense. He had difficulty getting his tongue around the language with the result that he sometimes went for days without saying anything. He just comes up and looks at the Beads and went back down again.

"Maybe someone wants us see the carcass," suggested Poco Flory who owned the Residential School, and of course should not be expected to leave.

Charlie recited back: "Not me." "Me neither," said Stanley.

"We found him and we bring him down and we dug a hole for him without no help and, by goshness, somebody else is gonna do see the carcass." Charlie glared.

"Yeah," Stanley said, slapping his fist upon the bar.

This was checked with concerned silence. Going to see the marshal was a necessary job on account of the nearest law being a hundred and fifty miles distant.

"Somebody'll be along down there one of these days," Poco said suddenly. "Ain't no hurry before the Beads led up there a hour



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lone and I reckon another couple months won't hurt. They'll never find out why he killed himself."

That was good enough for the men of Beaver Creek, sprawling bouldy in the warmth of Peter's stove. But, no one making a special trip. Peter Flory had not been around the diggings long, but unusual natural leadership or thoughts like that. It was he who had come out camp lots last summer without a date or his freely admitted, and stated out the galliganism that was the talk of the camp. Within two months he had enough to buy the saloon from old John Hennigan who wanted to give up and go outside the gold. But before that Peter had been smart enough to keep still about it until he had his mule all filled. He looked his date into a sled after the first big snow and said he was going out to have himself a time, promising Jim he would come back. He did, too, and paid out cash from a roll of yellow-backs that would shake a raver. Peter remained the saloon the Beaverfoot to accommodate, he said, his arrival here when he had been completely fat and exhausted he couldn't think of anything better than a horseback ride.

"Yeah," said Charlie.
"Don't go getting a expert pig on," said Peter. "He was just some no-account hound that got himself lost. You can't never stand to know the why of it. You don't know his name or where he comes from or where he was going. You don't even know whether he was a Swede or not."

Peter was a long, shaggy fellow with a boar's wild hair and a frowning black browache that came down at the ends. He had little black eyes and big yellow teeth. He turned his eyes now on Big Glatz who sat stupidly at a nearby table. Peter had been called Glatz pretty hard.

"How about at, Glatz?" Peter said suddenly. "The ring of him shows he's some kind of a Shamblesaurus but you oughta know her more. What was her, a Date, a Swede, a Norwegian—or just plain Roberty?"

Big Glatz lifted his eyes to Peter and slowly let them fall. He stared at the floor gloomily.

"Ay think he here Swede," said

Swede yet where he was, off in the middle of nowhere like that, I'd like to know what made him play himself."

"We skin off your name," said Peter.
I know, but it's a damned shame for a holler to look the buckin' all by himself with nobody even knowin' how come. Don't even right now, I tell you, of responsible, nowt as how it was me and Shirley that open him first. Seems like he ought I ought to shoot meassure, and how you gonna measure the a holler when you don't know why?"

"Doin' nags right unawful, when you put it that way," said Cock-Eye Martin. "Workin' dis' plenty knowseas dyin' anyway, but it's a darn right worse when you're all by yourself. When I cash in I hope there's a hell of a crowd around to give me a send-off."

"Yeah," said Charlie.
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ONLY THE ELDEST SON COULD MARRY!

The Nambutiri Brahmins of Malabar practiced the strange custom of "Hemogamy."

All members, from highly civilized Indians down to the most primitive savages, had rules governing who may marry whom. While our rules are very flexible, being governed mostly by social respect in a general or lesser degree, for those primitive tribes the practice of "Hemogamy" has complicated the rules of marriage often beyond.

The strongest, and at first sight, the most unfair system is hemogamy, which has nothing to do with health. This custom permits one, and only one, member of a family to marry an otherwise perfectly nice person to婚 to marry under certain rules which do not apply to the others.

For instance, the Nambutiri Brahmins of Malabar insist that a man may marry only his son, for good or ill fortune, if he wants to be considered worthy of that. The eldest son alone is worthy to receive his father's estate, and therefore his wife alone should be entitled to marry. For the half-brother is not regarded as due the fulfillment of divine law—i.e., all non-elder sons are merely the offspring of desire.

The son can discipline grandfather in natural ways, because he holds both his life and his inheritance in his hands. So does he to his son. For this reason plus the understandable surplus of women the ma-

rriageable sons often have several wives incidentally, should an older son die without leaving a male offspring, the "elder" received by the mother and then successively transferred them on to the brothers of the present oldest son and so on.

What about the younger sons? They, poor things, can take their pick of "youthless" Marry, widow, but their choices are often limited by inheritance!

Beyond the rigid religious aspect of hemogamy lies its down-right and practical side. By protecting the inheritance of the family property intact and down through the years, good and despised among cousins, grandchildren, or would-be, the system may not offend.

Modern civilization requires few such customs still survive. Thanks to Little America, even the most backward peoples for the financial security of all their children until they are old enough to provide for themselves should be given an easy way out of the inheritance problem. Why not our own enlightened Little America is a unique form of saving plus security, and thanks to the healthy competition between our free and independent Little Indians, there are penalties to suit every need and every purpose.

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Mr Glad, with a phlegmy response: "Well, Ned Glad oughta know," said Pince. "Even a dog knows his brother is he was a Swords. But who? Who'd he come from? You ain't never going to find out. Might as well forget it."

"I'd kinda like to know," said Charlie.

"Me too," Stanley said.

"We, he was a pillar-shaded Japan that never saw a ladies' face before," Cock-Eye chattered. "Now himself in the river one day and that ugly rag of his strangled him to death."

"That's not that way at all," Charlie grunted. "He didn't seize the hand in his hand. Looked at that water and imagined he'd be prettier with faces open as he was and gave one more."

"You galoots got it all wrong," said Pince, showing his yellow teeth. "He was just a-walkin' along part an' anything and all of a sudden a little bad comes by. The bird took one look at him and set down on a stump and began to cry. The Swords says why you lawless, little bird? And the bird says it's on account of I feel so sorry. I always cry when I see a Swords. And the Swords says well, Holy Swords, am I one of them fakers? Well, I'll be damned. And he set down alongside the bird and cried too. Then he gets up and says well, the least I can do is make one lone dumb Swords in the world and he lays the gun against his head and the little bird pulls the trigger and dies away happy."

That was how it started. There wasn't much to do around Beaver Creek at that time of year except drink and fight.

Some pretty good stories came out of it, most as you would read in a book. In fact, some of the more current citizens dug up the old discarded ragsazines round 'em and

paged through them looking for ideas. One fellow would get the story started and when he got stuck another would take it on from there. Pince, especially, was good at it. He was that kind of fellow—upset, quick and witty and full of strange sayings. He had been everywhere and done everything—part owner in the South Seas; gun runner in South America, opium pedler in China, box dealer at Monte Carlo till he made, came driver in Egypt, book-seller in Berlin.

Quite a man, Pince Pairy. You could always trust Pince to keep the story happening.

Charlie crawled into the spirit of it, putting on his two cent' worth whatever he got on him that somebody else had not already wanted to death, but it was different with Ned. Charlie was afraid. "The kinda like to know," he said again and again.

"I'm trying as I feel sort of friendly toward the Swords, never harm first and all, and I hate to think of him layin' up there on the hill with nobody knowing nothing about him."

"You isn't never going to either," Pince said with a sneer.

"Maybe if we talk long enough we can figure out something for the poor case."

"Now," said Pince. "Tell you what we can do though, we can sit down amongst ourselves and make up a man out of our brains, and reasons, and what he did and why he did it, and things like that. And when we go through that'll be it. That will be the Swords."

"That's what I mean," said Charlie. "Tell them nothing, isn't it?"

Almost everybody got into it at one time or another, most of them saying them. Especially Pince and Cock-Eye and a crazy lad called Pukky on account of he always went at a trot. Those three cleaned up some mighty

strange character . . . mighty strong!

But out of the entire crew, only Big Old kept wholly still. He had no time to protest, or maybe didn't know how to say them; anyway he was the only one of the lot who didn't put forth at least one. He just sat with his big hands resting palms-up on his lap and a stolid look on his face. He would turn his big, slow eyes on the speaker and hold them until the man finished and then move his eyebrows gone to the next one. There never was any expression in Old's face, they never knew what he was thinking or whether he was thinking at all. Maybe that was why he always married Poco. Poco liked people to respond, to answer, to laugh at her jokes.

As Charlie said, Old ought to have been the one to talk. "You know more about him than anybody," said Charlie. "Him's a brother Swede, and all."

Old looked at Charlie for a minute and moved his massive hand from side to side, and that was all they ever got out of Old. He was a huge man with a craggy face and eyes deep-set under overhanging brows. He looked like a monstrous and hideous gargoyle but there never was a more powerful man than Big Old.

If the Swedes up on the hill could have seen some of the things their master and he was, he would have been quite a character to know. They had him everything from a head-corduroy to a Swedish Dala, down a feather in a sky pilot, from a dognut on the watermelon to a snarly pearl that

It was all very expensive and helped a lot to pass every time. Especially when Poco or Poco got started, or Clock-Eye. Poco had the edge. He put out more of the dangerous parts. It was he who

thought up the Swedish Duke three and played it for all it was worth when he saw it was going over big in his enthusiasm he carried on and on with a recital of strange, weird and dangerous and black cloaks and a fair decent in darkness.

Most of it came out of a book he had once read, but they didn't know to know that.

When he finally got his noblemen and the dandies out in the snow and going away together into the sunset, he stopped and turned at Poco. It was the last moment yet and he received the plaudits of the assembly with self-satisfied pride.

"That's good," said Charlie. "Good enough. Maybe we'll make that the Swedes. Except how in torture did he get away over here in Alaska territory and why did he play himself in the head, especially with a woman like that around?"

Poco wrinkled his brow. "That's the sequel, sort of," he said. "I just told you the first part and I'll think up the rest of it when I get a little time."

Poco snorted in passing silence. "Aw, that ain't much of a story," he growled. "It isn't reasonable. Who ever heard tell of a man like that? The Swedes wasn't that good looking' and his feet was too big for them round lights. He'd of got himself all tangled up in his ligges."

"Maybe you can think up a better one," snarled the grizzled Poco.

"Sure. Sure. I can. If I couldn't I'd drown myself."

"I thought that was pretty good," said Charlie. "I'd much like to think of the Swedes as bear' that. Besides we won't have to go no farther, boys. We got our Swedes."

"Hold on, there," said Poco. "You ain't going to let your Swedes be no unpoised' dead sating like a napped-toed monkey in a bedsheet!"

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"Poley's Duke was awful good," Charles defended. "Don't reckon you can think up a better one than Poley did."

"That's what I say," said Scruffy. Poley looked drearily at the pile of barrel-furn, all expressing approval of things as they were. Poley pressed himself and puffed.

"You ain't heard no decent story since we started this!" Poley flushed, then to the quick. "Louisville, man, that I ain't told you and the droid that Poley just got through with made like an Indian the camp in the middle of summer. And it was warm and you can tell me anything about stay-tellin'! The droid cut out that will knock his skinin' from here to Louisville, Sis! You listen good, Charlie—he's your Swedish, by now?"

They settled back to be entertained. Poley was really clever at spinning yarns and there was eight to be a terrible danger now that he had real permission to work up front.

"The Swedes wasn't no Duke at all," Poley hollered. "He was the son of a rich goldent that made gold or something over in Sweden. Always had a potful of money and things in a big mansion with drapes and things hanging around and even jewels in the chandeliers."

"Same thing," said Poley. "You're expert!"

"Ain't neither John I said, this kid had everything handed him on a silver platter but he was the kind that didn't like none of it. Read too many books, I reckon, and got too many ideas about manners the world and doing things he couldn't do himself, so he ran off to sea. This kid's name was Sven. He had a partner, another lad in the neighborhood of the same stripe as him, as he takes that other lad along, sort? They traveled all one afternoon and finally towards evening Sven got his

hunting around India for a while they got on a boat and took off for South America. In South America they got mixed up in a couple revolutions and once got their boat nearly blown off but they came out all right and went to work on a coffee plantation.

"These kids was both bad bairns and got themselves in plenty of fights. Always stuck together and I reckon one time or another they killed most everybody in South America. If you get mixed up in a crowd too big to handle, hold while and the other would come a-squealing. Then half-drunning grown down there didn't stand no show agin them two. They'd knock them teeth together and tie 'em up in knots and leave them crooked in the street. You never heard tell of such fighting. It was always them that got into hot water, he was wimpy as they make 'em, and then his partner would come and beat him out of it."

"Where you found one your always find the other around somewhere else. They was real partners. Got along fine until one day they got stuck on the river side. A little bit-devil she was, down around Brazil, suspicious, with deadish eyes and laughter mouth and black hair that curled and waved and kept blowing in your face like spurs. She was built like a woman ought to be built. She wound both them legs around his little finger and got 'em so mixed up they didn't know which was what."

"You'd think they'd go to fighting wouldn't you? Not from her. They talked it over and decided she would have to leave. They goes to the end and she can't make up her mind so they goes back and goes to neutral. Not hunting each other; just neutral. They reached all one afternoon and finally towards evening Sven got his

partner down. Sven decided afterwards his partner deserved to be him have the woods.

"Sven went down to the boat to see the partner off and they made a deal, say? They'd keep in touch and the first one to make a certain attack would break up the other and they'd both go back to Sweden.

"Sven didn't stay around there long anyway. The little devil pulled a knife on him one time and he figured she was not the type for him. So he took off and went to some South Sea island and got a tame copy bird by taking the boy. He made a pile of diamonds there and some more on Australia stealing there. After that, he sailed for China. Wondered all over Asia and then planned up north, making money hand over fist and leaving just ahead of the law."

Poley pointed to wife his face with a bandanna and to look triumphantly at Poley who slouched in his chair, dubiously. All the others were listening in soft silence.

"Dumb gone story," said Poley. "Ain't no suspense in it."

"Shut up," said Poley. "There is, too."

"Reckon that sounds about like the Swedes." Charlie said with enthusiasm. "Big man, looked like a fighter. Had a devil in his eye. But you gotta get him to *shakin'*, and died."

"I'm coming to feel Givens take like I said, Sven made a pile of money and finally got his risks. So he started out to hunt up his partner in the apartment was when they passed. He come over from Siberia and landed at Nome. His partner was in Skagway, or somewhere down that way, and Sven took out up the Yukon to see what it was like instead of going around by land.

"In Nome he run up to a fellow by the name of Jim, a right nice fellow named Jim. They got to talking and

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the engine was they went up the Tacon together. Real friendly they were, and Even does a lot of palavering about where he'd been and such. Just like a big lad, as reddish hair made him look just before the partition. He had so much money he bought a little boat and then came up in that and when they got up north of here, changed if they didn't have a lag and run a hole right through it. Scratched up as bad it wasn't worth having as they left it there and never set about.

"On the way down they got lost and wandered off where Charlie and Smokey found him. Even was a big man, big as they come, but like all Swedes he didn't have enough sense to pound sand in a rat hole. The red chair, that was Even. He kept running off at the mouth about his money and the partner of half. They was going back to Sweden and show him old now they could make money too, all alone and without no help whatsoever. Just a big lad. Not big as he was, Even was no yaller. He had feet like snakes and they kept hurting all over and laid it down and take off his wallet and rub 'em and lay 'em and move like a thunderstorm. Couldn't stand walking either.

"Now this Jim was a fine fellow, and plenty eager. He was one to catch his chores and not let none go by. Had been around some too and wasn't nobody's fool. So one time when Even was away, Jim he picked up and cleaned the waterhest right off him. That's how the Swedes got killed. He didn't plug himself like you say, Jim did it. Even woke up too quick and pumped the Jim and Jim grabbed the gun and let him have it right between the eyes. Then Jim went down in Cordova and got to New York and set up in business.

"Even landed smack in the dock

and when I found the we packed him up like a truncheon and there how come he had no see coffee. Not you should have seen them last. They stood up like mads on a Wednesday and he was part-deaf and -dumb. Jim never forgot that stink. Never forgot them last either. All Swedes got big feet but Even had the biggest feet I ever seen. Fact they was so big that five toes wasn't enough and he had six on the right one."

There was a sharp stirrup off at the side and they turned to look. It was Old's chair which had overturned and slid against the wall. Old came across the open space faster than they ever had seen him move. Pervy got up and stood like he was paralysed, his little open greeting wide and round. Old's hairy hands closed on Pervy's neck.

"You took Jim," Old snarled.

Pervy screamed and twisted, squeezing at the hands that were squeezing the life out of him. He was like a child in the grip of a god. Charlie and Smokey and Cock-Joe and some of the others paled and jerked at Big Old while Pervy's face turned purple and his eyes stared stony to pop.

It took a bottle, and another bottle, and finally a log of a chair before Old went down.

Next afternoon they took Pervy up the hill to a bog tree that had a spreading branch. They set up a wooden box and laid Pervy upon it and put the rope around his neck and over the branch and pulled it tight against the trunk.

"You can't do this to me," complained Pervy. His white face was ghastly. "I didn't do nothing any of you wouldn't do. It was only a damn Swede."

"We don't hold with murder," Charlie said firmly. "Especially when it was my Swede you killed, the one

I hopped all the way down here and dug a hole for all by myself. Me and Smokey."

"Who's gonna kick the box?" said Smokey.

He looked about the circle but all of them studied their feet and refused to meet his eye. A glimmer of hope came into Pervy's eyes.

"See what I mean?" he said. "You all know I done right. Leave down from here, boys, and we'll all go have a drink on the house."

Old pushed through the circle and stampeded forward. Pervy shrieked in terror and kicked at him wildly. Old drew back a big foot and stamped it against the box so hard it裂了.

Afterward they went down and helped themselves generously to Pervy's stock. They didn't say much, just stood around the bar and drank Charlie books a happy silence.

"Anyway, I don't feel so much like a dervish as I did, passing up that washed out cully where Pervy was supposed to have made his strike. Makes me feel better, to know he didn't make no strike."

Old stared steadily at the top of the bar, a whisky glass cradled in his hand. After his brief explosion he had relapsed into his stoical silence.

"There's something I can't get in my head yet, Old," said Charlie. "Pervy not so smart he could end up to killing him all right but how did you know that Jim was Pervy and Even was the Swede, and it was a true story?"

"Yeah, how did you know?" said Smokey. "Was you the partner?"

Old pushed the glass of whisky away and plodded along the row of tables to the door. Those close by heard him mutter thickly. "Even took my brother."

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THE SAD SISTERS

IT was a beautiful house, Morris Delaney boasted. By far the best one they'd had yet. The small town shopkeeper was pleased and the sweeping and unwillingly admitted. Why, death could be a beautiful thing. Take Gertie, for instance, his brother-in-law, so peaceful in his self-imposed solitude to look forward to, and his sister, Ruth, had been good to him the few months they were married.

That was one thing about Ruth. She was consummate; she was always true to her husbands before they died. So Gertie had enjoyed the best of everything, the best of life, the best of marriage, in the interminable months before he and Ruth could start snarling at each other.

Mrs. Delaney caught and stopped a smile that was beginning to form on her lips. She must be careful. It wouldn't do to have people anywhere near to talk about. Not that they could prove anything, no matter what their suspicious small-town minds suspected. She and Ruth were much

the clews. But over those little short made Ruth nervous and scared for days. Like the time when Marcy hadn't got that foolish, skinny old kitten lined enough over the head. When one had bitten her, the frantic of the litter? It didn't matter.

But, anyhow when that last blow had not killed him, he'd even knocked him out, laid meadow and carried them something fierce. Should had to lay him up again with that loose break from the shingles that could be replaced so easily, so that it would look as though he had fallen against it. Ruth had been quite upset about that. Honestly, she didn't know what she was going to do about Ruth. What was happening to the silly girl, lonely?

Up in the pulpit the Reverend McClellan's sepulchral voice droned on. The worn of Revivals barked and barked over the big casket began to sing with the sound of middle-aged ladies' and bairns' singing. This-shaped was as small, as crowded. One had been such a popular song.

Through an opened stained glass window, a sun shaft brightened Marcy Delaney's face pale highlights gleaming from her curly, conservatively-cropped hair. It gave an ethereal quality to her quiet, fragile beauty. The black dress she wore was simple tailored, made for both small and slim.

Two pews back, an old lady's middle stage whisper carried to Marcy quite clearly: "I declare, look at the younger one, that Marcy! See how bright the looks. Them girls affected that Gert's wife."

Marcy Delaney rubbed her full bewigged hair back twice. She was really suggesting a chide. That was one for you instead of Gert. She had deserved the look.

Ruth was as tight as Marcy was tan and she wasn't carrying her piano

well at all. Ruth was sitting cross-legged the room end open, too. Marcy couldn't understand that. Ruth never did any of the really hard work. She never concentrated any of the rounds. All she did was here and there the washing, mopping and sweeping and scrubbing projects.

Perhaps, Marcy thought, she'd better get Ruth away for a while. A vacation in South America or some place other than the Lord knew, that needed it. They were getting stale, deteriorated, to almost make a little error such as they'd done this year. It had never occurred to either of them that hasty old Gustave has never took a sick day. They hadn't known how he had nicely dressed in a bath suit as a child and from that day couldn't he seem to overcome himself by threat of dislocation. He only took showers.

Marcy felt Ruth's slender body, beside her, twitch involuntarily. She saw Ruth's lips flutter against her mouth with strain. Her eyes stared straight ahead, unseeing, faintly reading the casket. And John thought Ruth was the most beautiful ever, the brave and. It showed how wrong people could be. The close call they'd had with Gustave's neighbor had all but torn poor, fatigued Ruth apart. Marcy would be glad when the funeral, symbolic as it was, would end and she could get Ruth out of here.

Reverend McClellan was rattling now. His voice rose in a dramatic crescendo. A minute, drowned the Reverend's tolling words. It was a far whicker sound that leaned sideways. It came from a woman in the first row, in front of the casket. It was agonized and the screaming spread through the locate section of the congregation.

The bottom half of the casket had closed and the man who had been laying there, rose up and checked out his eyes narrowed closed. He moved slowly with hands extended like a

sleepwalker, straight up the aisle.

The screaming had stopped now but the commotion was still as fort, starting in church houses. These no male noise shrunk back, crowding the rest of the pews. There was whispering and mousing and desperately hurried projects.

The Queen walked up the aisle with funeral, deliberate steps, its cloud eyes toward the pew where Marcy and Ruth Delaney stood. From the first instant, Marcy's heart had knowned her role. Gustave had snatched her away. But her relatives recovered swiftly. She knew that couldn't be happening. It couldn't be. Gustave was rising from his coffin, walking up the aisle. The dead didn't rise. And Gustave was dead. She knew it. She'd killed him, drowned him in the bath tub. She'd seen the carbon dioxide tests. She'd discussed the resubmerging process with the morticians.

She snatched desperately for the answer before the shock of this scene enveloped Ruth completely. When she got it, she whipped around and

clutched Ruth's arm. She said, vehemently, "It's a fake, Ruth, a crude knock-off. You no mind. Don't let it get you. It's not Gert. They've hired an actor who resembles her from the outside, stock company. They're trying to trick us, Ruth."

Ruth Delaney didn't hear. She was staring so hard her dark eyes looked as though they would roll down her cheeks. Her jaw hung.

"Gert?" Her voice was thin and tremulous like a tuning string is song through the silence too old to live. "No, that, not— I don't think it is. Gert! It was Marcy! She got you drunk! She held your blood under the water, Gert. She—"

Marcy slapped her so hard that Ruth's dark skin paled against her mask. It shot the younger girl up with a sharp intake of breath. Big Marcy Delaney knew it was too late as she wheeled and ran, shouting at the head of the church, watching, the sensible and the small group of Gustave's closest personal friends who had stayed the show.

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Talking Points

THE LAWS & FOOL . . .

For one of the most bizarre miscarriages of justice in British criminal history . . . in which (as if to give the courts the benefit of the doubt) the various were not humans, but cattle . . . read J. W. Hopkins's "A Case For Sherlock Holmes". The facts are so bizarre that they would be almost unbelievable if they were not recorded in sober British police records. As a matter of fact, there was no much妙處 involved, in the end, the one-and-only-ingenuity of "Sherlock Holmes"—Conan Doyle himself took a hand in the game. Yet, for once, the master of all who-do-it-wrongs found himself up against a brick wall.

LAW AND ORDER . . .

For a vivid and authentic sketch of the man who tried to hold the balance of justice between the Arabs and Jews in pre-U.N.O. Palestine, consult Cedric Montagu's "Palestine on a Powder Keg." Montagu was himself in Palestine during those moments—which—nearly—but—not-quite moment and he is prepared to confess what he saw. The men whom he describes are not accustomed to many farings of the globe . . . but they still do their tough, rough jobs with the same rugged courage that they displayed in the Beer-Hot. They have been blessed for many things, but none of them has ever been spared of lack of gallantry.

BEST-BO-GENTLE CHINESE . . .

For a splash of half-forgotten, Quaintland history . . . when the land was tough and the men were leather . . . turn to Clem Lock's episode, "When Stockwhips Bent Shooebuckles." The Heather Chinese" (as Quaintland's poet, George Ross Evans, nickname had Collected visitors) was not always as gentle as his name apposite seemed to indicate. In the case under discussion, he proved that he could be down-right rude . . . and even slightly homicidal.

WHITE-SLAVE . . .

The old-time Moorthi masters who sold golden-haired Circassian maidens to the barons of the Orient have long as less vanished, but—behind the dark folds of the world's cities—there still exists a thriving trade in slaves. "Slave Markets Still Exist" proves it.

NEXT MONTH . . .

Be ready for March CAVALCADE, it has something for everybody. For travellers and tourists, there is Jack Pearson's "Town of Time-Gone-By"; for soldiers of Australia, "The Governor's Wife Wasn't Me"; for some real-life heroes, "A Thousand Marching Corps" and "Braves That Killed Themselves"; for strange wonders in far-away places, "White Squares of the Minkengans" and "Love in Voodoo Land." And we think you'll find the fiction and the spot even above standard.

